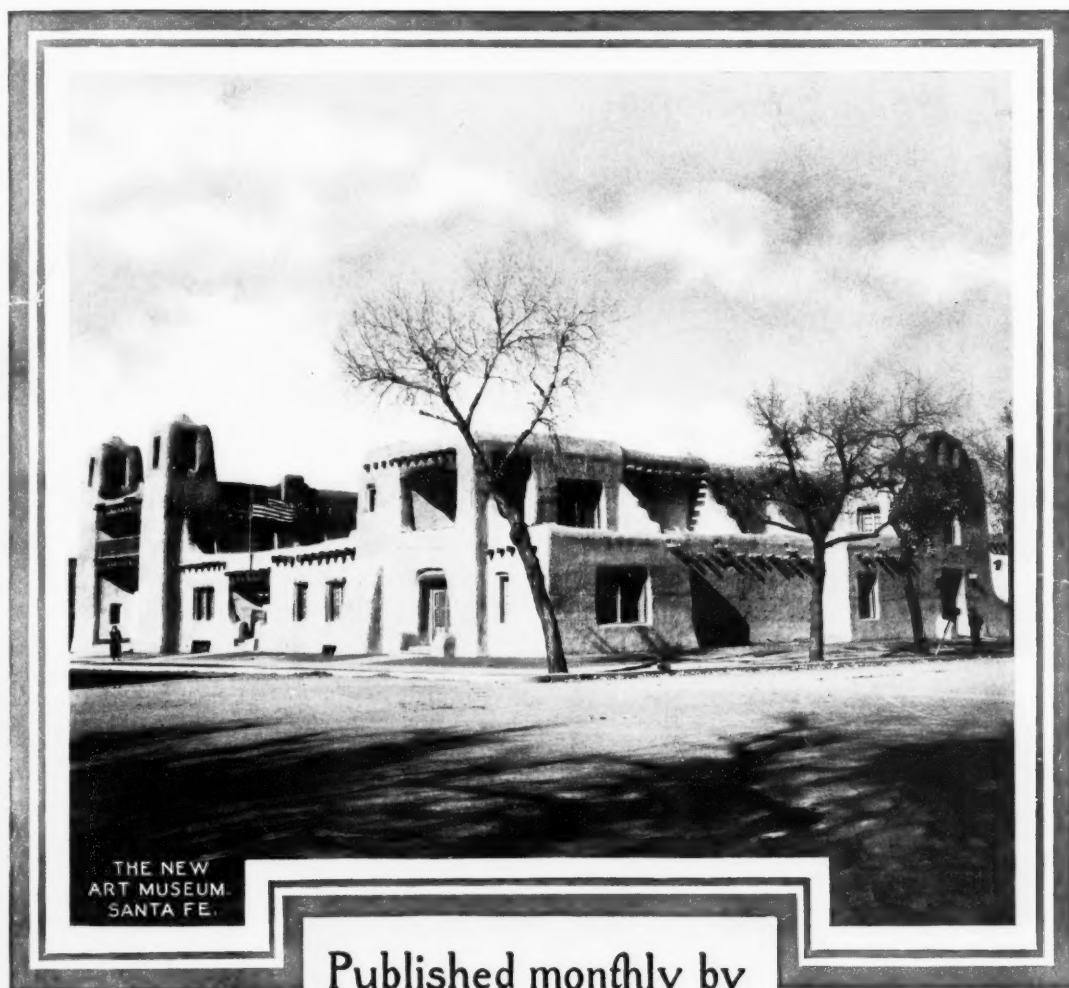


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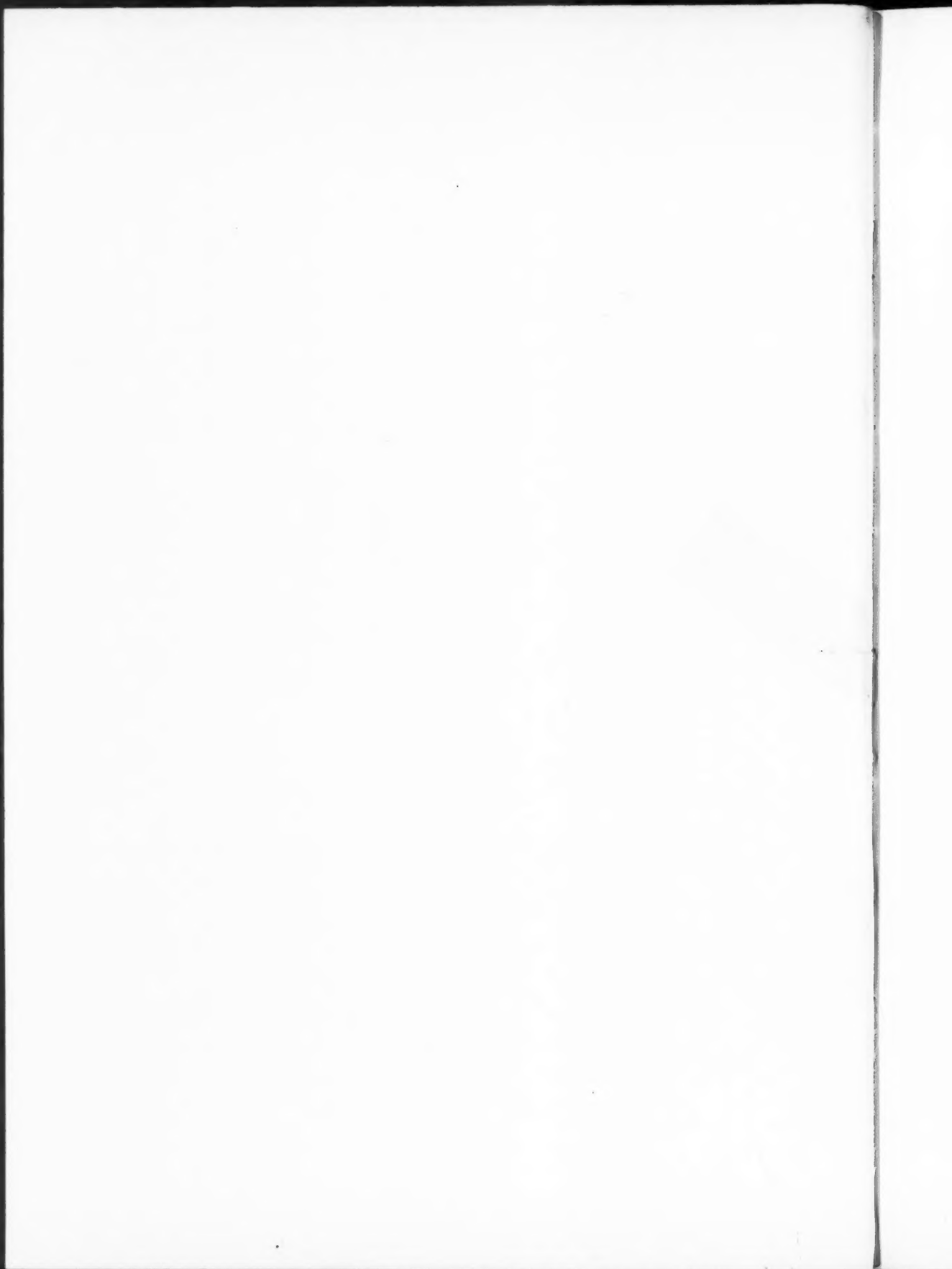
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JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1918

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



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The New Museum of Art in Santa Fe

IN the latter part of November, 1917, the friends of the School of American Research gathered in Santa Fe to dedicate the new Auditorium and Art Museum. The celebration closed the tenth year of the School, and marked the beginning of the twentieth year of the New Mexico Archaeological Society, the organization which prepared the way for the establishment of the School in Santa Fe.

The event occurred simultaneously with the annual meeting of the New Mexico Teachers' Association, so that the educational forces of the state, the people of Santa Fe, and the makers of the School had the happy privilege of coming together in most interesting and sympathetic relationship. It was estimated that Santa Fe received and entertained no fewer than 2000 visitors during dedication week.

The founders of the School, who had for ten years been working towards this concrete expression of the efforts in the Archaeological Institute of America to develop an institution to represent its work in the American fields, came together to consider the results of their endeavors. While some who could not have been spared from the initial stages of the undertaking were not physically present, in a very real sense none was missing. Those who knew the entire history leading up to the occasion were conscious that this was a meeting of all the minds that had acted together in the creative work. The public utterances and personal expressions called forth by the meeting will stand as the most precious endowment that the institution will ever receive.

The building dedicated is in itself a record of the ideals and methods of the School. The concrete linking of archaeology and art, the revitalization of the cultural conditions and achievements of the past to be inspiring forces in the production of new and increasingly greater art, has been a distinctive work of the School in Santa Fe.

Not the least significant feature of the dedication program was the part taken by the Indians. The paper read by an Omaha Indian, to be published in the Dedication Volume, is a scientific contribution of the first order; the Indian singer, Tsianina, delighted great audiences and was the recipient of high social honors; the performance of the Tewa Indians was unique among esthetic dances; Indian art asserted its right to an eminent place among the cultural achievements of races; Indians held an exhibition of their work in the Palace placita, served in social functions dressed in becoming manner, moved in the gatherings with dignified behavior, and in every way commanded respect for their ability and character—results of ages of sincere, well-ordered life.

The exercises of dedication week consisted of 1. Official addresses; 2. The Dedication; 3. The Congress of Science and Art; 4. The Dedication Art Exhibition; 5. Music and Ceremonies of the American Indians. A few of the communications presented at the meeting are published in this issue of *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY*. A dedication volume will follow in which all papers and addresses will appear in full.



In the Patio, New Art Museum

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME VII

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1918

NUMBERS 1, 2

DEDICATORY WORDS

FRANK SPRINGER

(From the Address of Dedication)

IT is from no lack of sympathy with the study of oriental civilizations that I insist that the American continent—the two Americas—which our ancestors wrested from its original possessors, has a past that is equally worthy of our intelligent consideration. Fragments of it have been revealed to us here and there by the occasional labors of devoted men working with little support, encouragement or appreciation by the public. But the time has come when its leaves must be systematically unrolled by the organized efforts of American science. It is a vast domain, stretching almost from pole to pole, in which one of the four units of the human race has run the whole evolutionary cycle of men and peoples, from youth to maturity, old age and decay—a race whose brain worked in different lines from our own, but nevertheless which worked; whose monuments of many types already known point to still greater discoveries that challenge the energies of our explorers.

It is to promote the knowledge of this inviting field, and to place the study of it upon a par with that of other regions, that the organization has been formed whose activities are centered in this building, and will be bounded only by the limits of our own continent; and whose purposes, to investigate whatever man has been or what he has done within these limits, are all expressed by its title, "School of American Research." For the achievement of these purposes, as a laudable and thoroughly appropriate national object, upon a plane of intellectual endeavor above the ordinary, and in which a prosperous nation may well take a patriotic pride, we invite the support of the American people. Therefore, to provide an effectual expression of the thought which should animate our people as never before, I propose that we add to the slogan of the sight-seer the more comprehensive watch-word, that shall appeal alike to the student, the traveler, and the patriot—*Know America First.*



Art Museum and Palace. Looking East

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So it may come to pass that from the turmoil of theories, of agitations, and of vain-glorious boastings, and from the dismal follies of idle luxury, this nation may pass on to a more worthy epoch of hard and earnest work—whose aim, with organized purpose and concerted striving, shall be to render just account of the wealth of earth, air and sky with which a bountiful Providence has endowed us. Thus may America begin to know herself, and go forward with power and majesty to the destiny which invites her. Thus from borrowers and imitators shall we become creators, and our creations shall challenge the respect of mankind. Depending no longer upon other lands or times for inspiration to brush, to chisel, to trowel or to song, we shall find at home the themes for boundless achievement, and our arts shall grow—as this temple has grown, and as all true and enduring Art must ever grow—straight from our own soil.

Thus while the Past may teach us, it is the Future that calls and beckons. And herein, finally, lies the supreme mission of this building, and of the organizations and influences which cluster around it—to point the way to this inspiring goal, and to bear a part in its attainment.

To these lofty purposes we are dedicating this edifice tonight. Yet far better than by any words of mine has it already been dedicated by the thought, the devotion, and the labor of those who conceived it, of the architects who planned, and of the builder who brought it into being.

But now borrowing, reverently, from the thought voiced in the sublimest passage in the literary annals of this nation, let it be said that in a higher sense we of this commonwealth, not alone

those of Science and of Art, but the great body of the people now here represented, do rather dedicate ourselves to the understanding, the safe-guarding, and the advancement of the objects for which this building stands; so that we may realize the dignity of its character, the solemnity of its purposes, and the majesty of what it represents; that we may cherish it with affectionate solicitude, and intrench it impregably with our veneration and respect.

Let us hope that as often as we look upon its noble exterior, or enter within its portals, we may take inspiration from the thought of what it means; that we may learn that the problem of humanity has many sides; that money is not all there is, but that there are other things in this life worthy of our attention, which may bring to us greater satisfactions as the years go on.

And let us resolve that within these walls, thus consecrated to serious reflection upon what they signify and what they commemorate, the ordinary contentions of men may not enter; that the competitions of politics, the mad pursuit of wealth, power and position, may find no place here; but that in this sanctuary, which should be for us as sacred as the prototypes on which it is modeled, there shall be ever present to our minds as the guiding Genius of the place, a benign and radiant Spirit, which, if we will but yield ourselves to its chastening influence, shall permeate and possess us; shall deliver us from every base and sordid passion; shall uplift us to the level of our own better natures; and make us worthy of the heritage which the mighty Past has left us.

NOTE.—The address of Mr. Springer is printed in full by the School, and copies will be sent to any one desiring it on request.



East Front. Art Museum

ON OPENING THE NEW MUSEUM

EDGAR L. HEWETT

IT is my privilege to announce the opening of a new institution—the New Mexico Art Museum. For many months the eyes of our people have turned daily toward this place. They watched the old military headquarters disappear, the new walls rise, the great timbers swing into place. Out of unrelated elements, clay, lime, wood and iron, this edifice emerged which certainly has some characteristics of a great work of art. There has been an organizing and relating of crude material into a structure which we expect to stand for ages, a monument to a noble past, an inspiration to future builders of a great state.

One thing we especially like about this building—so many have had a helpful part in it. People ask, "Whose conception is this?" "Who did this remarkable work?" Time was when it existed only in the minds of two or three people, but it quickly became a matter of organization and cooperation of many minds and hands. All honor to those who endowed it with funds; to legislators and regents and building committees who put the resources of the state back of it; to architects, superintendent of construction and artists, but equal honor to the workmen whose hands produced the results you see here. To do this, they had to give up traditions of their craft, to free themselves from plumb-line and square and level, and work with the boldness of master-builders. And how well they did it! They became more than artisans; there are the strokes of their axes, gouges, trowels, brushes. I leave it to you to say if the result is not a master work. On the roll of honor let us inscribe the

names of the carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers and painters.

Then too, the spirit of the contributors who gave to the School of American Research the initial sum with which to put up this structure is built into it. In their donation they say: "This fund is contributed by a small group of men and women residents of or interested in the state, who desire in this manner to attest their loyalty to New Mexico, their solicitude for its progress, and their appreciation of the benefits which its opportunities have afforded them." If patriotism does not mean gratitude for the opportunities afforded by one's country, it is an empty word.

How fortunate, too, for us that a great institution, the Archaeological Institute of America, gave its sanction to this enterprise. Without it, there would have been nothing of this that we celebrate to-night.

We are not putting upon this building any tablets of distinguished names connected with it. It would take too long a list to include everyone whose part was indispensable. It would include the names of many of our citizens: of members of the Women's Board, and visitors sojourning here who have given us priceless aid. It is not finished yet and will not be for many years. There is service for the whole community in making this institution what it should be. We shall not reach the ideal community life until all participate in public works of this kind. It was so in the ancient cities of middle America. Their magnificent temples were built by all the people working together. They were all artists in those communities.



North Side. Art Museum

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If so, the pleasure in those great works of architecture and art was not for the few, but for all. We hope that everyone in the community will get many hours of enjoyment out of this building and what it contains. I believe they will, and that many generations to come will find here the greatest satisfactions of life. Institutions are great and useful only in so far as they reflect the aspirations of the people who create them and minister to their needs. If what is being done here now in Science, Art and Education, is a faithful index of the ideals of the people of New Mexico, its place in the nation is assured. It will attract an unrivaled citizenship.

We have eagerly anticipated the time when we should all assemble here and open this Institution. That time has come. Tomorrow night the building will be dedicated to its future service by the chosen spokesman of the institution. If he baptizes it with his own great love for science and art, the modesty and gentleness and generous character that have endeared him to the people of this state; the quiet purposeful power that has characterized his great life, then there is set a noble standard to live up to.

It is a serious occasion. It comes at a time when our young men are going away. It is not our traditional idea of wartime. Quietly they are off to the training-camp: methodically they undergo the discipline which is the foundation for success in any great struggle; and then to the battleships, the airplanes, the trenches and the fields of honor.

It is calm and businesslike, but overwhelming in its spirit and purpose. It makes some of our past concerns look very small. At last something has arisen that is big enough for the spirit of man at its greatest. Very modestly

and determinedly our young men are getting ready for it. We cannot all go with them to fight for the freedom that our forefathers won, but ours is the privilege to dedicate ourselves, to the last limit of our resources, to fight for their lives behind the lines. They must know that the whole power of this great republic is back of them.

We will not talk of sacrifice! We have offered the greatest that could be asked—our strong young men. We will not talk of hardship! There is none to be considered in comparison with what they must undergo. We will not complain of taxes or contributions in terms of percentage of income or financial rating. There is but one contribution for us to make, and that is ALL—everything we possess, all that we can earn—a complete dedication of this nation's resources to the task that is now the world's work until it is done. Let nothing less be possible to say of us when the time comes to see the world war in the perspective of the ages, when what we do today is history.

Such is the spirit in which we find ourselves at the opening of this institution. At first thought, it may seem foreign to the state of mind in which we are wont to approach such occasions. That is not the case. There is no disposition to be oppressed by events. What we are passing through is one of the evolutionary processes of nature. Man is always encountering vast convulsions—earthquakes, epidemics, mob-movements, wars. He knows better than to quarrel with them, and knows better than to lie down before them to be exterminated. He meets them as he has through the ages with all his powers, and emerges stronger than ever and more resourceful.

The war approaches its one inevitable conclusion. We are looking be-

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Interior of Auditorium

yond it. Already science and education are stimulated by it. In lines of practical knowledge, as, for example, sanitation, we move forward a generation in a year. Millions of men have their ignorance of personal hygiene swept away at once. There is, too, a deep stirring of the spiritual nature. It can mean but one thing. We are approaching an epoch of marvelous advance in which every phase of culture will find new opportunities. Men's minds will test more incisively than ever the values of life. Much that we have cherished will be swept away, and may well be spared. Never before were people so able to determine values, nor so deeply disposed to consider them. Now is the full time to challenge everything that is base, sordid,

unfruitful. Struggles that recently looked hopeless now promise quick success. Truer and more righteous judgments are daily forming in the minds of men.

Why do we build such institutions as this? Because they are dedicated to the things that have lived through the ages, and that must endure forever. Archaeology is a science that deals with eternal life, with the most lasting things that have been born of the spirit of man; that wars and epidemics and all the forces of destruction have been unable to kill. Its field is the entire world; its material the imperishable triumphs of humanity. When we find that from the peoples of the past it is mainly their fine arts that have survived, we are justified in believing that

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those of today can not make too much of painting and sculpture and architecture and music and poetry.

This building that we open tonight includes a great past. It is one of the most significant that has been built anywhere. Its architecture is that of the Franciscan missions of New Mexico, inaugurated three hundred years ago. We must go back over the ages six centuries of time, seven thousand miles of distance, by way of Mexico and Spain to Assisi in Italy, the home of St. Francis, if we would follow that historic thread to its origin. That trail is marked by superhuman devotion. We might call it "The Way of the Martyrs," and this a monument to their memory.

Again, the New Mexico missions were built by the hands of Indian workmen. Into them was wrought the character of that remarkable race. Their buildings came from the soil. You see their architectural motives in the mesas and cliffs on which, and of which, their towns were built. The long history of that race is in this building. It is a tribute to their life in nature.

Again, it embodies the finest elements of the churches in which our native people have worshiped for three hundred years; where their generations have received the sacrament of baptism and marriage, and which are consecrated as the resting places of their ancestors. Such a building must be to them a sanctuary.

And last, it stands at the western end

of that historic highway of the plains, the Santa Fe trail, over which passed the commerce of the Nineteenth century; over which came the fore-lopers of the frontier, trappers and plainsmen and mountaineers; over which came the armies of the United States to hold the outposts of civilization; over which came the prairie schooners and stage coaches; over which came the men and women who laid the foundations of our state, some of whom are with us tonight. It must be that those elemental, adventurous times roused in the breasts of men some singular form of courage, developed some universal type of vision, some exceptional degree of human sympathy, for they are the ones who, today, see farthest and straightest; the ones who encourage the new enterprises; the ones to whom we of a later time go with our visions, certain of finding sympathetic interest and wise counsel. We find them looking with calm confidence to the future of our state; foremost in founding such institutions as this; in character like the eternal hills. They are the founders of not only our political system but of our institutions of culture of which this is one. They were of the frontier, they witnessed its passing, and they opened up the great future. In our desire to express our appreciation of the heritage they have handed on to us, we shall make of this building and the activities it will foster their everlasting monument.



THE NEW HUMANISM

FRANCIS W. KELSEY

(Representative of the Archaeological Institute of America)

IN October, 1917, less than two months ago, the Sultan of Turkey in Constantinople, as the world was promptly informed, conferred upon the Emperor of Germany the diamond star of the Iftikhar Order, or Order of Glory, the highest military decoration in his power to bestow; and the Emperor of Germany conferred upon the Sultan the diamond star and chain of the family Order of the Hohenzollerns.

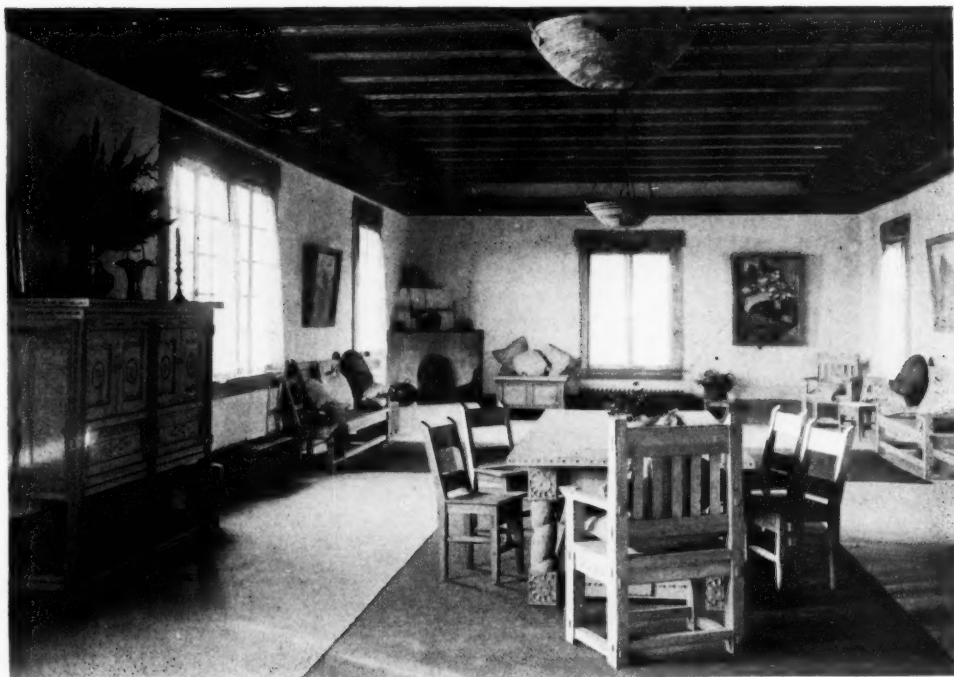
In ordinary times such an exchange of decorations between rulers is devoid of significance; but today the reciprocal felicitation of Sultan and Kaiser, in the light of events fresh in memory, becomes portentous, symbolizing a unanimity of purpose and action that challenges the consideration of all thoughtful men. For us, gathered here in academic calm to dedicate a building, and consecrate anew an institution, to the study of man's progress in culture through the interpretation of the remains of his handiwork, it makes pertinent the query, Is modern civilization a failure?

A decade ago the answer to this question would have seemed fairly obvious. The anthropologist, to be sure, was sounding a note of warning, that physical degeneration would overtake civilized man unless habits of life were modified and the multiplication of the most unfit were checked. The psychologists told us of nerve and brain exhaustion under the strain of an infinitude of reactions in stressful modern life, and pointed with apprehension to overflowing and ever enlarging asylums for the insane. The physician and surgeon, on

the contrary, with justifiable pride instanced their joint service in prolonging the average age of civilized man far beyond the limits of the generation as laid off in the past; the dentist demonstrated that he had robbed old age of its terrors by making normal digestion possible to the end of life through the perfecting of artificial teeth, so that hereafter literature will never again have occasion to harrow the imagination by depicting the typical old man, in the fashion of Juvenal, as alike toothless and witless.

The economist predicted the exhaustion, within a relatively short period, of the world's deposits of coal and oil, but in the same moment measured for us, in figures beyond human comprehension, the increase in the production of wealth since the Napoleonic wars, above all, since the middle of the last century; and the physicist gave encouragement that before the earth's resources of indispensable minerals should be depleted, science would perhaps have tapped stores of energy now unknown, assuring full compensation for their loss. Historians and moralists, scanning the whole world in a sympathetic survey, noted the progress of less advanced nations toward better government, found satisfaction in the more general diffusion of knowledge, and stressed the increasing intimacy of relations between all lands and peoples through connections by post and telegraph and through interchange of commodities, with better mutual understanding consequent. Statesmen disapprovingly commented upon the

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Women's Reception Room

ever heavier pecuniary burdens of the European nations due to vast expenditures for military budgets; yet as regards the future of civilization itself, with rare exception cultured men everywhere cherished an inspiring optimism like that voiced by the Victorian poet in the oft-quoted lines:

"For I doubt not thro' the ages one
increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
with the process of the suns."

By what tests shall the adequacy or progress of civilization be measured?

Aristotle, on the Greek side of the Aegean, defined man as "by nature a state-devising animal"; across the sea on the Syrian side the Hebrew psalmist declared righteousness to be the stan-

dard of judgment by which Jehovah, "a high tower for the oppressed", would judge the world. Later the Roman poet Lucretius, with a point of view different from that of either, nevertheless traced human progress back to the recognition of monogamic marriage, thus laying the foundation of organized society, and to the acceptance of the principle that "it is fair for all to have mercy on the weak". From that early time until now, in theory three supreme tests of civilization have been implicitly accepted: its adequacy, through government, to furnish protection and assure safety to human life, its power to turn material resources to account in meeting human needs, and finally, its attitude toward humanity, as expressed, for example, by that

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ancient dramatist who made one of his leading characters exclaim, "I am a man, nothing that concerns man do I consider devoid of interest to me".

Whatever be the terms in which civilization is defined, its progress is at times seemingly rapid; at times, again, it is like the current of the river Saône where the migrating Helvetians crossed, today, as in antiquity, moving so slowly "that the eye cannot perceive in which direction it flows". In the future the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth will surely be accounted a period of swift change. Hard in very truth it is for us to realize that our grandfathers for lighting at night used tallow candles and pine torches, or olive oil lamps; that they knew no fuel save wood and charcoal, wore handwoven garments, and on land travelled by wagon, on horseback, or by lumbering chaise, and on the ocean, by slow sailing vessels. No day-dream of a Galileo or a Newton could have envisaged such an advance in applied science as that witnessed by men now living, who are still within the proverbial limit of threescore years and ten. The author of the lines

" We soon or late
Shall navigate

The azure as now we sail the sea",

written in jest, lived to see an aeroplane circling over his head. From the point of view of even the recent past, the present is an age of miracles. Man never before had so great control over the resources of nature as today.

But are we able candidly to affirm that at the present time civilization reaches the same high level in respect to the safeguarding of human life and that consideration for man as man which has always been recognized as among its first-fruits? For many years a friend of

mine, a highly trained and capable physician, and unimpeachable witness, has been at the head of a mission hospital in the city of Marsovan, in the north central part of Asia Minor. In the city were about 12,000 Armenians, chiefly of the artisan class, peaceable, industrious, payers of taxes. First the men were rounded up, and confined; then a company of two hundred or more of them was marched out under military guard with the explanation that they were to be taken to another city for trial on charge of sedition, to be freed if found guiltless. Across the plains, only about fifteen miles from Marsovan, trenches of the proper capacity had been dug; but before the bodies of the victims, clubbed and stabbed to death, were cast into them for burial, every scrap of clothing and all valuables were scrupulously removed and carefully inventoried, that the proceeds might be divided up later, on a percentage basis, among the officers. Day after day, with the same fore-thoughtful planning of details, and like precision, similar companies of Armenian men were marched out to similar trenches, until, in Marsovan, of Armenians only women and children and sick remained. Then ox-carts were requisitioned and under the pretense that they were to be conducted to new homes in the region of Mosul, they all, save a few that had turned Moslem, were carried off into the mountains to become the prey of wild beasts and savage men, the doom decreed for hundreds of thousands of Armenian women and children from the cities and villages of Turkey in Asia. There have been great massacres, in many lands, before; the recent destruction of Armenians surpasses them all in intelligence of organization. It was accomplished, in a way to forestall resistance, through the

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simultaneous use of telegraph and telephone and through the perfecting of arrangements in advance. It was German efficiency turned to the annihilation of a race. Following German precedent the "Committee of Union and Progress" in Constantinople had resolved to make Turkey Turkish, and there is abundant evidence that in the execution of this resolve it has had the approval and support of the administration in Berlin. Protests of German missionaries to the home government were without effect. In the college at Marsovan was a cultured and distinguished professor, whose mother was German, his father being an Armenian. A wealthy German woman having a ranch near Marsovan took him and his family and some others under her protection, and started for Constantinople to intercede for them with the German ambassador. At Angora she met some German officers, received from them instructions and wrote back to this effect: "You must let the Turks do as they please; the Armenians are their enemies." Said a German officer who was a guest in the house of my friend, "Personally I feel very sorry for the Armenians, but it is a military necessity. We have orders not to interfere." Absolute security had been guaranteed by the Turkish government to the American hospital; but a Turkish officer and his men broke down the door of the compound and tore Armenian nurses from the cots of Turkish soldiers whom they were nursing back to health.

For many years Germany has been the self-proclaimed world-leader of civilization. Her primacy has been freely acknowledged by admirers everywhere. Yet the evidence is already adequate to warrant the belief that the historian of the future, writing with a detachment of which the present generation is in-

capable, will declare the Imperial German government not only through complicity responsible for the recent merciless extermination of civilian populations in Asia Minor—a single telegram from Berlin would have stopped it—but accountable also for many equally harrowing violations of usages which have been commonly believed to exemplify the noblest traits of man, to be the expression of those qualities in human life that are furtherest removed from primitive savagery. In their treatment of the defenseless in Belgium and other countries occupied by German armies, in their disregard of all rights on the part of human beings in their power, the German leaders of the present time have reverted to an ethical standard, have acted on a principle, frankly accepted and baldly stated by one of the ablest of their pagan forebears. "It is the right of war," said Ariovistus, the earliest German military leader of whom we have an authentic account, speaking in 58 B.C., "It is the right of war that those, who conquer, shall rule over those whom they conquer, just as shall suit their pleasure". But there is this difference. Ariovistus was giving expression to a military doctrine widely current in his time; between the treatment of the vanquished recommended in the Hague Conventions, representing the consensus of civilization, and that inculcated in writings approved by the German General Staff and put into the hands of German officers, there is a great gulf fixed.

Passing as irrelevant the consideration whether any nation of the modern world can justify the claim that it stands above all others in civilization, without passion and without prejudice let us face the facts. Shall we boast of modern progress in science and efficiency, when never, in the history of the

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In the Library

world, have so many millions upon millions of men and women and helpless children suffered the pangs of hunger as at this very hour? When all the resources of human inventiveness and skill are being stimulated to devise instruments of greater and ever greater destructiveness? When our vaunted conquest of the air has brought not "argosies of magic sails", if we may quote the poet's prophecy, but "nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue"?

It requires no profound insight to perceive that the World Conflict, the horrors of which on the material side have stunned the imagination of mankind, is only the visible manifestation of a conflict of ideals. I do not refer to ideals of government, except as a part

is included within the whole; I mean a conflict between irreconcilable theories of life, which underlie and condition all activities of individuals and of the group; which shape education, which profoundly influence the trend and fruitfulness of research, and ultimately give character to civilization as a whole.

The theory of life now dominant among the governing class in Germany is a harsh form of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This is coupled with a belief in the State as the Be-all and End-all of human activity, and in War as a redemptive agency, facilitating the elimination of the less fit. The individual tends to become devoid of significance. The State regulates, controls, uses the individual in whatever way may best seem to serve its in-

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terest. With justice the highest legislative body of the German Empire has lately been characterized as chiefly a debating society. The German nation moreover is obsessed with an amazing conceit of its own superiority. And in reality, its efficiency is almost beyond belief. It has mobilized for war its men, its money, its science, its crafts. Future generations will marvel at the ramifications of its administrative system. Its effective organization of all resources of thought, skill and material has seemed to be complete. Only one thing has German efficiency overlooked, only one consideration: there is still a moral order in the world, and for the human species fitness to survive is not wholly expressed in terms of matter and mechanism. In the homely verse of Hosea Biglow:

"An' you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God."

But let us reflect for a moment. Fifty years ago France was considered by many the leader of civilization. Noting only that which is fundamental, can we truthfully say that the Mexican venture of Napoleon III represented a higher ethical standard than the present foreign ventures of the Kaiser? The transformation of France since 1870 has recently been styled "the French miracle." May we not hope to witness, in the rise of a new and nobler Germany, a "German miracle"?

Millions of men there are, of many lands and tongues besides those dominated by Berlin, who would articulately profess, and would enforce, the creed of ruthlessness, could they but have the opportunity and power. Nevertheless, no fair-minded man, who tries "to see life steadily and see it whole", will for a moment concede that that creed truly represents the consensus of civiliza-

tion at the present time. The development, within a century, and the world-encompassing activities, of philanthropic organizations of a hundred, yes of a thousand types, much more convincingly than the deliverances of Geneva or Hague tribunals, attest the trend of modern civilization toward the lessening of "man's inhumanity to man", and the recognition of inalienable human rights.

But let us, who reject the creed of ruthlessness, not because we are fighting it but because we are men, let us beware lest we seem to arrogate to ourselves "counsels of perfection". The reports of our Interstate Commerce Commission year after year have presented such statistics of men killed and maimed upon the railway lines of the United States as to suggest comparison with the wreckage of bloody battles. Who does not realize that in American cities of the present time the dangers to human life are more numerous, and far more menacing, than ever before in any city of the ancient or modern world?

If such our recklessness of human life among ourselves, can we turn without a feeling of apprehension to a survey of the modern world's treatment of weaker races? Diodorus the Sicilian, writing near the beginning of the Christian Era, tells us how traders from Italy, following the course of navigable rivers by boat, or crossing the country with wagons, conveyed wine to the more backward populations of ancient France; how these drank it eagerly at full strength, and how it turned partakers to stupor or frenzy. The traders, he continues, "receive an incredible price; for in return for a jar of wine they obtain a boy, bartering drink for a servant." Diodorus, of course, lived in pagan times. But General R. Reyes,



Patio View

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of Colombia, in the monograph of exploration which he presented to the Pan-American Congress in Mexico City in 1902, says:

"We spent two months in descending the lower part of the river (Putumayo), because we delayed making explorations ashore and remained some days visiting the different tribes. . . . These live in continual warfare with one another, so as to take prisoners for their festivals and to sell them to the merchants ascending the Putumayo some two hundred miles from the Amazon, and who, in exchange, give them alcohol, tobacco, strings of glass beads, mirrors, and other trifles".

What Briton does not blush with shame as he recalls the forcing of the curse of opium upon China? But can we, without searchings of heart, trace the record of our own dealing with the Indians? Even now American alcohol, in many cases wood alcohol, I have been told in Mexico, mixed in vile compounds as a substitute for mescal, is burning out the stomachs of Mexican peons. We send missionaries across the sea to Africa—in the cabin; down in the hold of the same steamer we send a cargo of rum which, as long ago pointed out by the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, accomplishes the utter destruction of the natives. For three years shipments of the necessities of life by sea have been increasingly difficult on account of the progressive limitation of the tonnage that could be allotted to commerce. Yet in the year ending June 30, 1916, the Collector of the Port of Boston—Boston, native heath of reforms and of reformers—officially reported the shipment, to British West Africa, of 1,049,144 gallons of rum, more than four times the amount shipped to all the rest of the world. In the year ending

June 30, 1917, when at times it seemed impossible to obtain ships to carry food to the starving Belgians, that same Port of Boston cleared to British West Africa 766,634 gallons of rum, besides distributing more than 80,000 gallons to other countries.

But again, there is a difference. Shortly after the Great War began, as I was told by a refugee lately arrived in this country, a peasant near Jerusalem was bringing a load to the city. As he attempted to pass over a piece of road that had been allowed to fall into disrepair, his cart broke down and the load was spilled. Ruefully viewing the wreck he audibly cursed the Italians. "Why do you curse the Italians?" said a native of Jerusalem who happened to overhear him. "Because," he replied, "they don't come up here and make good roads, such as they make in other places." What unprejudiced traveller in Algeria wonders at the loyalty of the Spahis to France in the present war? Who that knows Egypt and India can with sincerity refuse to acknowledge that British rule, notwithstanding blunders, has been exercised with increasing amelioration, and that under it the native populations have gained a greater measure of self-realization than would have been possible if the Occident had not spread over them a mantle of protection, suppressing native exploitation and misrule?

Land-grabbing is a very ancient practice. And if we, through the Louisiana Purchase, possessed ourselves of territory under a title which no honest man would accept for the purchase of a farm, have we not sought to atone for it in our protection of Cuba for the Cubans, and—I deliberately speak of a matter much befogged in partisan discussion—by our altruistic,

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our high-minded treatment of the natives of the Philippine Islands?

The difference to which I alluded becomes, I think, fairly obvious. Limiting our observation for the moment to ourselves, if our cities are often wretchedly and wastefully misgoverned, if the cumbersomeness of our legal system and



The Front Door

the lack of intelligence in our police administration have made the percentage of deliberate and unpunished murders to our population a subject for derision in European countries, if unaccompanied girls in our crowded street-cars or restaurants through what seems an accidental prick of a pin are dazed by hypodermic drugging and led away helpless to a life immeasurably worse than death, disappearing without a trace, it is not because our social con-

sciousness, representing civilization among us, approves, but because it has not yet with sufficient coherence brought its powers to bear upon the elimination of these and a hundred other evils. Every conquest of man over nature brings dangers as well as blessings, and so it has always been. A hundred thousand people were made homeless and property to the value of two hundred millions of dollars was destroyed by a conflagration which, one October evening in Chicago, spread from a blaze in an insignificant cowshed. A stick of dynamite designed to open up a vein of ore may be diabolically used to sink a ship freighted with human lives. But when viewed in perspective, the records of human achievement reveal an enlarging control, and more often a beneficent direction, of the agencies that human depravity and carelessness would let loose against humanity.

Shall we then despair, even though the world is in a death-grapple, though it seems as if the Latin poet with prescient foreboding wrote for the present hour the lines:

*Omnia cum belli trepido concussa
tumultu
horrida contremuere sub altis aetheris
oris,
in dubioque fuere utrorum ad regna
cadendum
omnibus humanis esset terraque
marique,*

'When all things underneath the lofty borders of heaven, shaken by war's hurrying tumult, shivered and quaked, and men were in doubt to which side the sovereignty o'er all mankind on land and sea would fall?'

When that same ruthlessness of Germany desires to recognize in tangible form the utmost courage and devotion,

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it awards the Iron Cross. In France the Croix de Guerre, in England the Victoria Cross, are similarly bestowed. Displayed upon the uniform of stretcher-bearers rescuing mangled bodies after battle or disaster, upon ambulances speeding their way on errands of mercy, upon hospitals, upon provision trains and depositories of supplies for the sick and for the starving, a crimson cross shines against a background of white. Under this symbol of sacrifice and unselfishness, Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Oriental and Occidental join in heroic service for suffering humanity of every race and clime, in war, in peace, often yielding life itself with gladness. Notwithstanding the hatred, the anguish, the awful destructiveness of the War, never before did the world seem so near to the possibility of one day in spirit realizing the hymn-writer's vision of the Cross as "Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

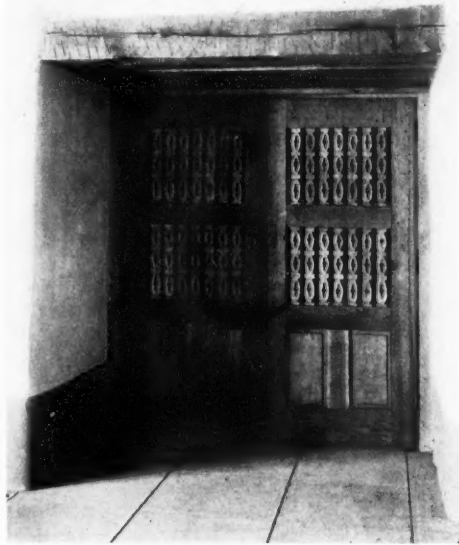
Civilization is yet far from the goal. Appeal to force in violation of its dictates must be met, at whatever cost, and crushed, by force. When emergencies come we may not be able to maintain the poise of the lady in San Francisco who in the very moments of the earthquake, steadying herself in the midst of swaying walls and reeling furniture cried out in Pippa's song,

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Yet we may confidently assure ourselves of the onward march of civilization toward fuller development of the capabilities which distinguish man from brute. And in the light of that upward evolution of mind and spirit we must define, and accept, such responsibility as it may be our privilege to assume for the safeguarding and development of those in-

stitutions which have as their reason of being the pursuit of studies pertaining to man.

Anthropology with its many subdivisions, Archaeology, Philology and History—these are the four branches of learning, these the quadrivium of sciences of man, to which the school of



Doorway to Chapel

research and the museum in whose service we are met, have been consecrated. To mark off their boundaries, to set forth their scope and mutual relations, to attempt to measure the value of their contributions to the enrichment of present and future life through their reconstruction of the cultures of the past, were in this presence superfluous. Nor need we now dwell upon the gratifying progress which this School and Museum have made since the modest beginning less than a decade

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ago. "Deserve success" is a motto of wide application, here strikingly exemplified. New buildings worthy of their use have been added to the old, constant enlargement of resources and expansion of work have been made possible, through the enlightened and unflinching support of the Commonwealth of New Mexico, and through the generous gifts of far-sighted men and women, both as individuals and as groups; but underneath and behind all else, through a wise leadership, in which competence, vision and energy have been happily blended. Grateful for what has been accomplished in the past, we may turn our faces toward the future with confident expectation that large opportunities for service now opening up in endless vistas will be realized.

Never before was there so great need of institutions of this type. The threatened bankruptcy of civilization is on the spiritual, not the material side. Its dangers at this moment lie in the utilization of all the material resources amassed by genius and industry, all the powers of organization developed through foresight and experience, for the forcible imposition, upon mankind, of a culture abhorrent to civilization in its ideals and its violence. To overmaster this recrudescence of barbarism, masking in the guise of culture, will not be sufficient. How shall the world be protected against a repetition of the horror?

A league to enforce peace, if supported by an adequate world-police, may accomplish much. But the world's only permanent safeguard must lie in the development of a larger sense of humanity in the social consciousness of the race. Is this, you say, a figment of words? Almost all the world has already developed a coherent educational system. What, for example, if the

German scout-master, who has enrolled the Turkish boys in a boy-scout organization, were to cease teaching songs of hate and should, instead, teach songs of love?

In the view of coming generations the outstanding intellectual phenomenon of the nineteenth century will be the permeating and stimulating of all sciences by the adoption, in some form, of the hypothesis of evolution. The effect of this should have been to lend new dignity and interest to the studies centering in man, especially those that throw light upon his rise in civilization. And such, in a measure, the effect has been. Nevertheless the agencies thus far equipped for research in the anthropological field are wholly inadequate for the task. To cite a single illustration, Le Bon and others have shown that race antagonisms arise from sheer inability of peoples of different stock to understand one another; the problem is psychological, and yet how meager are the resources available for investigations in psychology compared with those set aside for research in the physical sciences! Suppose that after the war of 1870-71 the German and French governments had set aside one-tenth of one per cent of their annual military budget for investigations in psychology having in view the acquiring of such knowledge of the effects of stimuli and of reaction upon different national temperaments as should promote mutual understandings; do you think that the present war would have taken place? Let us assume that men of vision should establish, under the aegis of this institution a great endowment whose income should be used for research along those lines; would not that be a "peace foundation" worth while?

But again, the very rapidity of prog-

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ress in invention and the applications of science in ministry to human needs has everywhere, but nowhere more than among us, diverted education to an over-emphasis upon so-called "modern" subjects, with neglect of those cultural studies which tend to develop man toward self-realization. I do not refer here to the widely circulated doctrine of Abram Flexner, already discredited by his misuse of statistics and sophistries of reasoning. He is only one of a class of professed educationists, who, blind to the present trend of science, which aims to interpret all existence in terms of development, are insisting that the content of education in the lower stages should be "anything and everything relating to modern life". Flexner and his fellows represent the reflex action of the material side of our civilization expressing itself in a pseudo-science of education. In one respect they are rendering a service to sound learning. They are compelling a fresh consideration of true values in education, and the result must be the elimination of the less fit in agencies, matter and method.

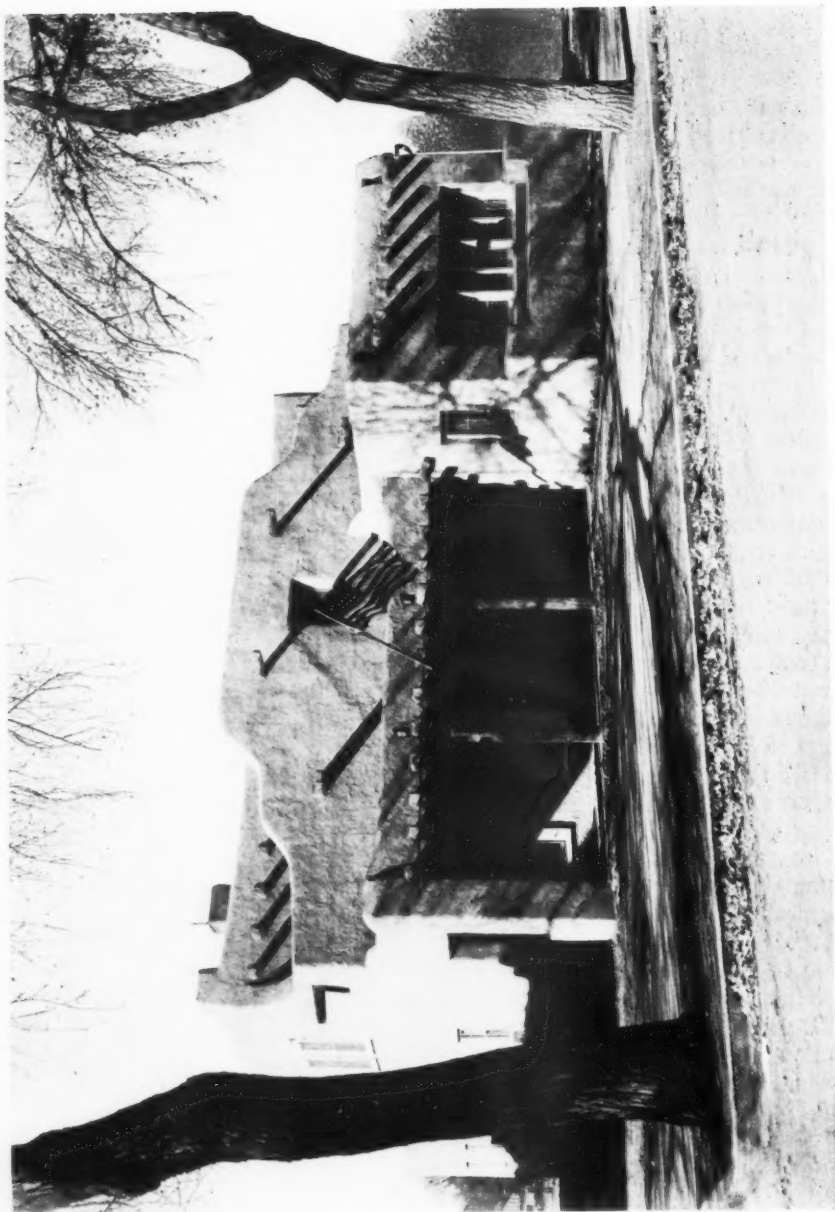
For at heart the American people desire only the best. In education they stop at no sacrifice to meet reasonable demands. Basing all hope for the future of a self-governing and self-perpetuating democracy upon the general diffusion of an intelligent interest in public affairs, the United States has undertaken to solve for mankind the problem of educating the whole people. In 1914 our public elementary schools enrolled nearly 18,000,000 pupils; our high schools had an attendance of more than 1,200,000; our state universities and colleges reported more than 100,000 students. The total number of students in all classes of educational institutions maintained by taxation was more than 19,000,000. For the support

of these institutions taxpayers contributed more than \$700,000,000. In the same period more than 2,000,000 students were enrolled in institutions of private support, in schools, colleges and universities.

This educational development, from the point of view of magnitude of the interests involved, is without a parallel in the history of the world. But in democratizing education our public school system in letter, and too often in spirit, has drifted far from the ideals of its first founders. Its corner-stone is a law passed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1647. "The Act of 1642", says the editor of the *Public Statutes of Massachusetts relating to Education*, "enjoined upon the municipi-



Doorway, Hostess's Gallery



Director's Residence

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pal authorities the duty of making education universal but not necessarily free. The Act of 1647 made the support of public schools compulsory, and education universal and free. As this was the first law of the kind ever passed by any community of persons or by any state, Massachusetts may claim the honor of having originated the free public schools".

The purpose of the Massachusetts Act of 1647 is stated in the preamble. "It being one of the chief projects of that old deluder Satan," the preamble quaintly runs, "to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times by keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these later times by persuading from the use of tongues, that so at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded by false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers, that learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers in the Church and Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors, it is, therefore, ordered"; the enactment follows.

Narrow as this preamble is in outlook and form of expression, the principle which it cumbrously sets forth is of universal significance. It singles out as alone worthy of support at public expense the education which develops character and a sense of moral responsibility, for the good of the individual and for the public weal. Its emphasis is not on learning how to make a living, but on learning how to live. It is, in the largest sense, humanistic.

Far be it from me to indulge in unsympathetic criticism; no one can be more painfully conscious of the overwhelming difficulties of the problem which has been forced upon our educational leaders. Yet, in spite of our enormous expenditures for public education, on the side of intellectual de-

velopment, as many have pointed out, our American boy of seventeen is still two years behind his cousin of the same age in England and France; on the moral or human side, who can wonder that our public schools so often become mere machines for forcing masses of children through the grinding process as evenly and expeditiously as possible, when decisions of our State Supreme Courts have forbidden, or have discouraged, the traditional morning school exercises through which, more easily and more systematically than in any other way, the thoughts of impressible youth can be directed from the interests of the moment to the eternal verities?

In our secondary schools and colleges, under an elective system so broad that in many cases it loses sight of a definite goal, and so loose that it encourages the pursuit of studies along the line of least resistance, cultural aims, with the choice of subjects which tend through the clarifying of humane ideals to fit men for living well and happily, are often entirely lost sight of; and our education only too often ends in a superficiality of results contrasting unfavorably with the results obtained in the same fields in other countries. Lawyers we have that would be a credit to any land; yet no other civilized nation has licensed for the practice of law so many inadequately trained and often stupid attorneys, to become a menace to society. We have physicians that rank among the first in the world; yet till recently our requirements for the degree of Doctor of Medicine were so low that our country is even now full of incompetent practitioners, who are the curse of many a community. Our most conservative institutions of advanced training are our schools of theology; but even they, confronted with con-

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ditions in earlier education over which they have no control, and yielding to the pressure of a social order that demands quick results, are relaxing their requirements in respect to a knowledge of the tongues in which the Scriptures were written; they are preparing the soil for an abundant new crop of isms and eccentricities in spiritual leadership because a large proportion of our clergy will be incapable of sure exegesis, having no mastery of the original Hebrew and Greek documents which furnish the background of their teachings.

Thousands of conscientious teachers there are, hundreds of principals, superintendents, presidents and professors with humanistic ideals who earnestly desire a redistribution of emphasis in our educational process. Scores of articles bear witness to increasing dissatisfaction with our present educational situation. Why then are our educational institutions, particularly our secondary schools and colleges, not brought back to the humanistic point of view, so that their courses of study, whatever their practical content and bearing, shall nevertheless bring all minds at some point into vital contact with humane ideals? The answer is simple. True it is that the public, which supports our institutions, desires the best, and our social trend sets strongly toward a recognition of the larger humanity; yet public opinion among us in educational matters is unformed and incoherent, and unable to restrain men of narrow views who are ever ready to crowd their special interests forward at the expense of well-balanced courses of study. We are in a period of marked transition.

In Europe in the fifteenth century the development of commerce, the increase of stability in government, the progress in inventions, especially the invention

of printing, and other political, economic and social factors stimulated a reaction; this burst the bonds of the arid scholasticism and reverence for authority which, bequeathed by the Middle Ages, still fettered the human spirit. That earlier humanism, through the rediscovery and study of the Greek and Latin classics brought to the modern world a fuller recognition of the dignity of man, a new devotion to the things in literature, in art, and in outlook upon life itself, that minister to man's higher nature.

Our economists, alarmed by the massing of our population in cities, which can be fed only by the farm, are shouting "Back to the land!" In like manner well may those who are concerned with the safeguarding of the interests of education and research, raise the warning cry, "Back to culture studies!" And there are not wanting signs that a new movement, similar to the old, in its emphasis upon the humanistic side of education, may be even now commencing. Who can have failed to be impressed with the social trend among us toward the betterment of average life through city planning, through greater architecture and finer music, through widespread efforts to raise the standards of our stage?

"The war has more and more fully demonstrated," says a French writer in a recent number of *La Grande Revue*, "the moral and social superiority of the Graeco-Latin civilization." He pleads for the restoration, in the schools of France, of training in the ancient classics, "perennial source", he continues, "of an ideal of humanity now more than ever essential for the shaping of individual character and the development of our collective life." Leaders in the professions of engineering, medicine and law are urging a re-

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turn to classical study as a preliminary to technical courses. Men of affairs, such as those who expressed themselves so cogently at the recent Princeton Conference, are urging the liberalizing influence of classical studies as a part of the best preparation for life. The New Humanism, as the old, must start with the study of the ancient classics.

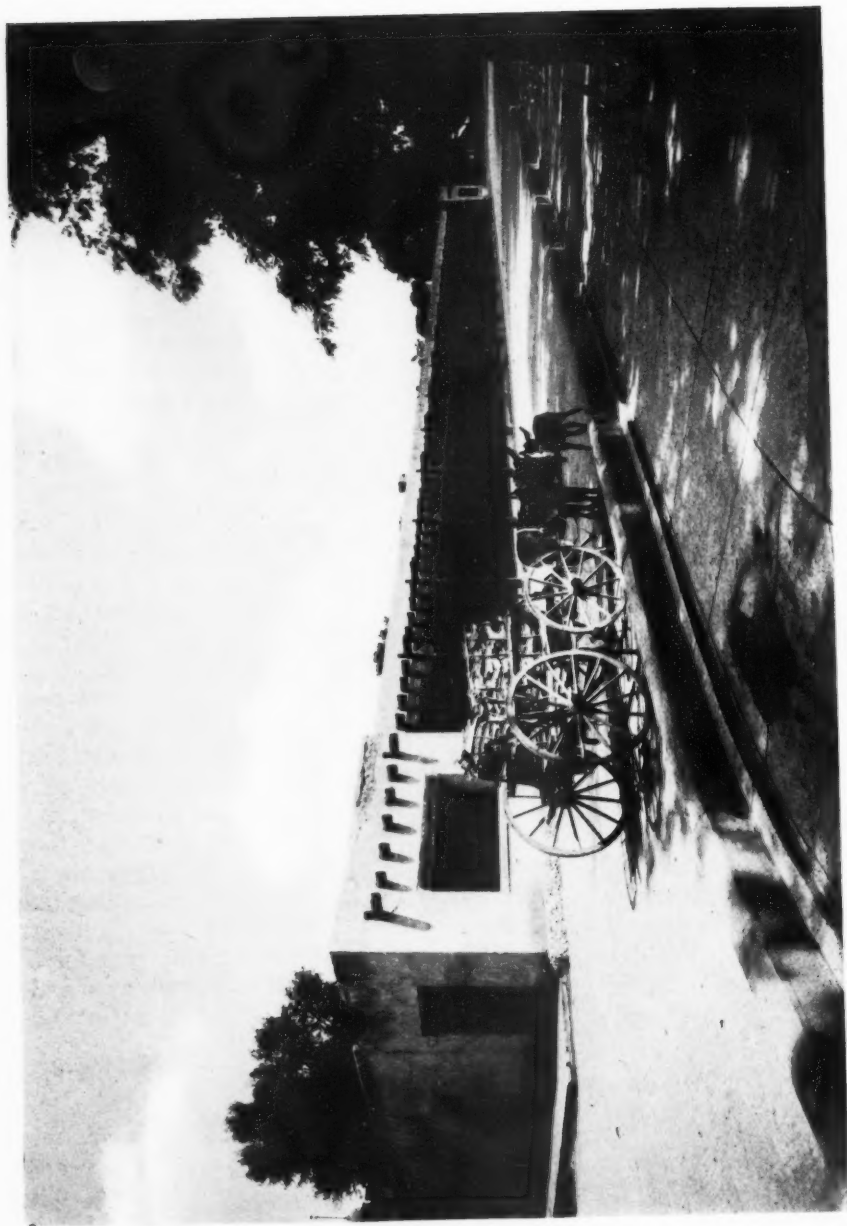
The earlier Humanism felt no necessity of passing beyond the domain of the languages and literatures of ancient Greece and Rome. The New Humanism must be broader, taking account of a half-millennium of progress since the earlier movement. Upon a foundation of the ancient classics it will base a superstructure of knowledge concerning man in the Orient, in the Occident, in those phases of development and activity that shall best reveal the capabilities of man as man and fit youth to live in accordance with ideals in a world of humankind. Natural science will always have its proper place, it holds the key to our environment. But in the distribution of educational emphasis in the advance of civilization toward an ever higher plane, in a vital sense "the proper study of mankind is man".

Above the processes of education and general enlightenment, and supporting them, is the organization of research. What place could be imagined more fitting than this as the seat of an institution devoted to the sciences of man? The Graeco-Latin, or South-European,

culture developed along the Mediterranean, forced its way westward across the trackless Atlantic, brought under its sway the central portion of the American Continent and, advancing northward, planted here its northernmost administrative outpost. The North-European culture likewise pressed forward across the boisterous Ocean and from our Eastern Shores spread ever westward and southward. Here in Santa Fe, name-place of a great early thoroughfare between East and West, the two currents of European culture, Southern and Northern, met and blended. If our speech today is North-European, not so the name of the city within whose hospitable walls we are assembled—Santa Fe, Sancta Fides, city of Holy Faith. The enduring architecture of the palace of the Spanish governors well typifies the abiding influence of that South-European culture which was centered here.

This, this shall be the congenial home of scholars, where nature now awes with the sublimity of chasm and mountain, now charms with the elusive beauty of a myriad-tinted landscape, where the imagination is kindled by the contemplation of the life that in past times surged through these valleys and haunted the now crumbling pueblos. From this spot, we may confidently expect, shall perennially come forth fruitage of studies full of interest and value for the world.





El Palacio Real, Santa Fe

THE INDIANS' PART IN THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW MUSEUM

NATALIE CURTIS BURLIN

"WHY do the white people want to stop our songs and our dances?" once asked of me an ancient Hopi chief. "We harm no man: why do they interfere in things sacred to us?"

"White people do not understand your songs nor know what your dances mean," I answered, "When they do, they will no longer try to destroy them, but will themselves want to see, and hear, and learn." And I pondered: to most of the world's great artists recognition has first come after death. Will a wide-spread appreciation of what the Indian has to offer to the art, letters and music of America dawn only after the red man's sun is set?

To show the white man what Indian dances really are, and what Indian songs express, a group of Pueblo Indians from San Ildefonso was invited to take part in the dedication exercises of the new Museum, and perform on the rostrum of the Auditorium a fragment of one of their poetic and symbolic ceremonies. The purpose having been explained to them, they gladly cooperated in the effort to make their dances understood, and allowing me to be their spokesman, gave a full description of what the dance expressed, as well as the music of the songs. The ceremony, much of which has, alas, been lost and forgotten by the Indians of today, contains so far as I have yet found only one song with words, and this consists of four verses whose color-symbolism and iterative symmetry form in themselves a decorative picture, suggesting the altar-paintings of the pueblos, wrought in colored

sands and dedicated so often to the "four world quarters". Surely not the least of the lessons that we may learn from the red man is *reverence* for the earth-mother, giver of life; for no Indian would dream of calling a mountain reaching skyward "Old Baldy" or "Pike's Peak", nor would he slaughter game, sacred to the needs of man, for "sport" only.

Follows the Indian poem: a complete description of the dance with the music will be contained in a later publication.

Invocation of the Game

TRANSLATED BY N. C. B.

I.

(North)

Yonder afar
By the Black Mountain
In the Valley
The Black Chief of the Elk is standing
And he is our quarry.

II.

(West)

Yonder afar
By the Mountain of Deer-Tails
In the Valley
The Yellow Chief of the Antelope is
standing
And he is our quarry.

III.

(South)

Yonder afar
By the Mountain of Flying
In the Valley
The Red Chief of the Antelope is
standing
And he is our quarry.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

IV. (East)

Yonder afar
By the Mountain of Flowers
In the Valley
The White Chief of the Buffalo is
standing
And he is our quarry.

Such enthusiasm greeted the performance of the Indians that the Dance

was repeated on Thanksgiving Day in the open patio. Those of vision see in this initial performance of Indian ceremonies within Museum walls a step vital in significance, holding the prophecy of a day when artists, musicians, writers and students may come in ever larger numbers to find in the art of the red man as keen an inspiration as any offered by the dance and song of the Old World.

THE TEMPLE OF ST. FRANCIS

(At Santa Fe, New Mexico)

What Master Builder, noble shrine, shall claim
Thee? In his breast, long, long ago, the mild
Franciscan singing brought thee; mid the wild
Wastes dreamed of thee beside his altar flame.
Thy lovely battlements and cloisters came,
In hallowed vision, to that lonely child
Of God; and those rude stones he, praying, piled,
Enwombed thee safe within their sturdy frame.

Child of all the Missions! Warm desert sands
Have cradled thee; wild desert winds sung strange
Sweet melodies into thy heart; star beams
And opalescent skies, the golden gleams
Of autumn aspen boughs;—cycles of change
Wrought thee to purpose, with unresting hands.

FLORENCE POYAS JOHNSTON.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT SANTA FE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Report to Governor Felix Martinez on the condition in which the Palace of the Governors at Santa Fe was turned over to him in A. D. 1716, by his predecessor, General Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollon. From New Mexico archive, No. 253.

TRANSLATION

By RALPH EMERSON TWITCHELL

THE Department of Justice and Administration of the Villa of Santa Fe, the chief capital of the Kingdom and Provinces of New Mexico, for His Majesty, et cetera, certifies to the King, our Lord, the Members of the Royal and Supreme Audiencia of the Indies, His Excellency the Viceroy of New Spain, and other Royal Councils and Tribunals of His Majesty, to Whom These Present May Come:

That; having been summoned by the Captain, Don Felix Martinez, tenant for life of this Presidial Palace of the said Villa of Santa Fe, and its perpetual Castellan, Governor and Captain-General of this said Kingdom and Warden of its Fortresses and Garrisons, for His Majesty, for the purpose of making an examination of the Royal Palace of this said Villa, the dwelling of the governors, for the purpose of giving testimony as to the condition in which it was handed over by General Don Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollon, his predecessor, and for the enforcement of this order, the Cabildo repaired to said Palacio Real, taking with them Don Roque de Pinto and Pedro de Solis, servants of the said General Don Juan Flores, and also Captain Diego Arias de Quiros; and to carry out the purpose with all particularity and clearness, they ordered Juan de Medina, Miguel Duran and Andres Gonzales, master masons, to examine the said Palacio

Real, the shape and size of its rooms and walls, and having done this, they reported that it was all falling down, and (*had it not been*) for nine buttresses, which had supported it from ancient times on one side and the other, it would have fallen; that only one lofty hall and chamber remain (*in condition*) together with a room that served as a chapel where the soldiers recited the rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which chapel fronts on the Plaza of the Villa; these apartments alone can be used, because all the other rooms and the foundations are falling, as has been said, but the buttresses aforesaid hold up the outside walls, and nearly all the roofs, with their dove-cotes, and the wooden rafters.

Said Palace has a court on the East side, with very dilapidated walls. The main entrances to the Palace are on the South side, on the Royal Plaza; through one of them runs a wide covered passageway, giving admittance to the court yard, where the body-guard is stationed, and the other court yard serves for the quarters. In said court yard is a stable with a coach-house for the light gig, and two rooms, one above and one below, built of adobe, in which the said General Don Juan Flores kept and used a large chopping-block; and there is a dove-cote where a small lantern used to hang, but nowhere is there any other article in which to grind grain.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

At the corners of the Palacio Real stand two towers extremely dilapidated, all of adobe, one of them with seven timbers (*props*) which hold up the roof, and in that one is now kept the store of gunpowder. The said Governor, Don Felix Martinez, put in a new door as soon as he took possession, realizing that the aforesaid tower ran a great risk, being filled with powder, since its door was broken, and it was easy to enter it. He also had a well dug in the patio, four varas wide and forty varas deep, with a curb of earth and stone, which is partly destroyed. At present it has no water, but there is a wooden bucket. Also said General found in the Palacio Real and took possession of five broken wooden benches made of pine, falling to pieces, six chairs of the same shape, some of them without backs, two common tables, two plain bedsteads with pine slats, and a big copper kettle, burned and battered.

The above comprises all the furnishings the said General Don Juan Ignacio Flores found in the Palacio Real, with ten keys to the apartments and chambers; and in official proof thereof we submit the present statement, by virtue of the request of the said Governor and Captain-General, Don Felix Martinez, and which we sign, together with the Secretary of the Cabildo, and Seal it with the seal of the arms of this Kingdom.

Done at the Villa of Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the thirteenth day of the month of July seventeen hundred and sixteen, and on this ordinary paper because no stamped paper is to be had in these parts.

Juan Garcia de las Rivas, Francisco Lorenzo de Cassados, Salvador de Montoya.

By order of the Cabildo:

JUAN MANUEL CHIRINOS,
Secretary of the Cabildo.

It agrees with the original from which Captain Francisco Lorenzo de Cassados, first alcalde of the Villa of Santa Fe, had it transcribed and literally copied, because the original was delivered to the Governor and Captain-General, Don Felix Martinez. In order to file it in the archives it was literally copied, corrected and revised, and in perpetual testimony whereof it was signed before me as Jues Receptor by the above witnesses in default of a Royal Notary being in this Kingdom.

Done in the said Villa of Santa Fe, on the fifteenth day of July, seventeen hundred and sixteen, and upon two folios of ordinary paper, there being none in this Kingdom which is stamped.

In Testimony of the Truth whereof, I affix my customary signature and Rubric.

FRANCISCO LORENZO DE CASSADOS

Witnesses present:

Joseph Ma Gilthomey
Juan Manuel Chirinos.

(Endorsed)

Year 1716. Report to the Señor Governor and Capt. Genl. Don Felix Martinez of the condition in which the Palace was turned over to him. Made by the Illustrious Cabildo of Justice and Administration of this Villa of Santa Fe.

Translated by Ralph Emerson Twitchell, Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the year 1916—200 years after it was written.



SANTA FE AS THE YEARS PASS

W. TEMPLETON JOHNSON

HUNDREDS of years ago in the little city of Laon in France, the people were building a great cathedral to the Glory of God. It was a time of great religious enthusiasm. Every one labored with splendid spirit, and even the oxen that dragged the great stones up the steep hill to the church received the grateful appreciation of the people—for their statues carved in stone may still be seen above the belfries of the cathedral.

It is an enthusiasm akin to that of these sturdy Norman folk which has made possible the erection of the beautiful building in which we are gathered today. Time and money, thought and energy have been lavished upon it. Artistic feeling and unselfishness permeate it; and here it stands a tribute to beauty, utility and civic pride. Doubtless many people will say, "this is a red-letter day, an epoch-making day in the history of Santa Fe"; but is it not too a punctuation mark in the progress of the city to even higher and nobler attainments?

Think what art and architecture meant to the Athenians, those people who were "simple in their homes and splendid in their public ways." Think of the glory of Florence in the sixteenth century. Here was a city about the size of Albany, N. Y., Camden, N. J., or Bridgeport, Conn., Elizabeth, N. J., or Somerville, Mass.; yet small as it was, Florence was the living, breathing spirit of the Renaissance. The greatest artists, architects and sculptors the world has ever known were numbered among its citizens. Where in the civilized world today can we produce such names as Raphael, Donatello,

Michel Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Bramante, Brunelleschi, and a host of others?

True, Florence was a city of merchants; but on the other hand, its people were thinking art, talking art, doing art; art was the conversation of the street corner, art was the discussion of the supper table, and it has been for art rather than commercial supremacy that Florence has earned undying fame.

It may seem to be rather a wide leap from Florence to Santa Fe, but why should it be? Who can predict the future of cities? The back of the New York City Hall was built of brick, for no one imagined the town would grow beyond it. A group of Chicago bankers refused to buy the street railway franchise in Los Angeles twenty-five years ago, because they could not see the possibility of its having a population much greater than 50,000.

But to return to Santa Fe. Why should it not become a great center for art and culture? You have at your doors the richest archaeological treasure house in the country. In the art colonies of Taos and Santa Fe there are men of national reputation. There is probably no city of twice its size in the United States that has half its enthusiasm for art and archaeology.

It is interesting to close one's eyes and dream of the Santa Fe of the days to come—to picture the changes which will make it even more fascinating than it is today. Here is the plaza in all its nobility restored to its original proportions as the Spaniards first projected it. The Cathedral at the eastern end is the dominating note, the towers of the

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Museum supply another point of interest. About the plaza are grouped public and semi-public buildings, their portals completing the ensemble of a Spanish-American Civic Center. There is nothing so characteristic in any town in the United States. The people have caught the spirit of Progress. Long avenues of graceful trees lead the traveler to the very heart of the city, where stands a memorial to the dauntless men who struggled over the Santa Fe trail. The railroad has now the competition of the aeroplane, but its handsome and appropriate station reflects the breadth and idealism of its management. The beautiful baths and public market have been finished so

long that they are now taken as a matter of course. The town has grown fast, but following the lines of a comprehensive plan which makes the most of its natural topographical features. Civic pride has become a great force in the community. It would be a brave man who would commit an architectural monstrosity in this environment. A jury of artists, architects and sculptors passes upon the plans of all public buildings, statues, fountains, etc.

The people of Santa Fe look about them and say—"This is our city. Each one of us has taken his part, great or small, in its upbuilding. It is beautiful, it has a charm all its own, we are proud of *our* city and our pride is justified."



NEW MEXICO ARCHITECTURE

CARLOS VIERRA

WE have in America no national architecture. There are numerous examples of beautiful and consistent architecture in all sections of the United States, but we have developed very little that is original. We have only one or two types that we might claim as a development of our own growing out of typically American conditions in our larger cities. The skyscraper is certainly expressive of energy and concentrated commercialism. Otherwise American architecture in general can hardly be said to have a national character. That it has no character, may be said to be characteristic of most American building. It is too often a hopeless confusion representing nothing more than the ability of some architects to borrow from everything at hand. If the interior suits its purpose, the exterior apparently need not express anything in particular. There are also examples more or less pure of nearly every type that has ever been recognized, but the predominating architecture seems to be a mixture of most of these.

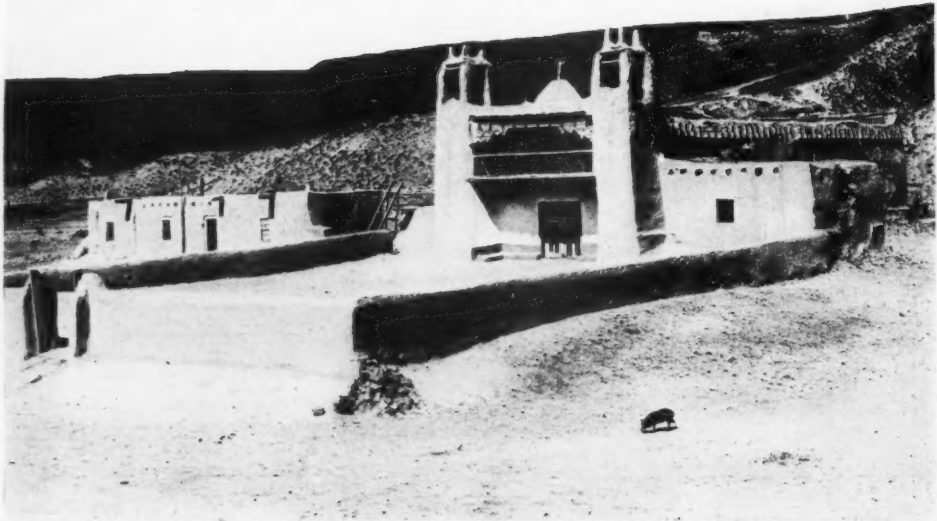
The most encouraging development in character has been sectional; and that may finally present the only reasonable solution, since the conditions that should naturally influence architecture vary so widely in different sections.

In New England and in Southern California we could hardly look for the same development, and in each there is the foundation for a distinct type. Between the Gulf states and the Northwest there is a difference that should find expression in architectural development. Some of our Central states seem

at the mercy of every influence, and there may continue a reflection of every foreign influence that our country, as a combination of many nations, is subject to.

There are, however, in the Southwest and particularly in New Mexico, many conditions favoring a most interesting and distinct development on an original and racial basis. It is surprising, when we consider how favorable and even persuasive are the conditions in this section, that so little has been done in response to them. It would seem that we are so overwhelmed and benumbed by the general confusion that exists in our architecture, that we are insensible to any new inspiration, and repeat automatically for no particular reason. Our architects as well as our public are either indifferent to, or unable to see, an opportunity for a clear development when it presents itself. We, as a people, seem to lack that vision which reaches over the immediate present, and sees the material gain that finally comes through appreciation of a consistent and properly related architecture. We are so little concerned with the advantages of such development, perhaps because we do not realize its obvious value. Confusion is the accepted state and a matter of easy habit, though we are not conscious of it. Apparently many architects are in the same state of mind, since they have done little toward the solution of an important problem which is to a great extent in their hands. A few are deeply interested in the new idea since they have found it successful, but many are openly hostile to any movement that threatens to disturb the steady run of shop quality which auto-

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San Felipe Mission. Suggesting outer balcony in Auditorium of New Museum

matically takes care of the exterior expression of any building.

Sectional development will come when architect and public alike are conscious of its value. In this section it seems a problem that has, in a way, solved itself, or rather was a solved problem in the beginning until we confused it. We have, in fact, developed a problem instead of developing, in its own character, that architecture which was in itself the original solution. Now here is a situation characteristic of other things we have done. The very originators of this architecture have come under the same influence. We have made a problem, through lack of vision, instead of appreciating that character and originality in the Indian himself which has had its development under conditions

differing from ours. We are inclined to ignore the value of that originality, and to replace it bodily with that which we consider superior because it is ours. That ours may be incongruous in its new relation does not seem to worry us. We are fortunate if we can recall, and without destroying its character foster, that originality when we realize its value.

Not many of us who have ever been interested in what we call American architecture, realize that we have, within the limits of the United States, a type which had its origin in the prehistoric life of the section in which it exists today, and which was an established and sound development long before America was "discovered". Only a few architects of this section realize

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Acoma Mission. Suggesting south front and general structural plan of New Museum

that we have a native architecture as sound and as adequate in its development as any of the complications of foreign architecture in which they have been absorbed. Here is an architecture that has survived, through its usefulness, in the land of its origin, and still predominates in localities. In most of the growing communities of the Southwest the tendency is to build in the mixtures of foreign architecture characteristic of American towns, and the possibilities and advantages of the original type have been ignored. In the more remote villages its character is being destroyed through ill-considered attempts at improvement, though judicious improvement need not impair it in the least. In its primitive state it is

in some ways inadequate, but it is capable of such development as to suit every modern purpose. Only within very recent years has it been considered and given the study which it merits. We find the community type represented as well as the domestic and the ecclesiastic. It can hardly be said to be adaptable as a national architecture, but as a sectional development there is nothing more interesting in its possibilities. It is as appropriate in the land of its origin as everything foreign is inappropriate by contrast. It is strikingly different in appearance from the generally accepted mixtures of our time, and this most interesting and important feature should be carefully preserved as a distinct and vital quality.

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Laguna Mission. Suggesting east front of New Museum

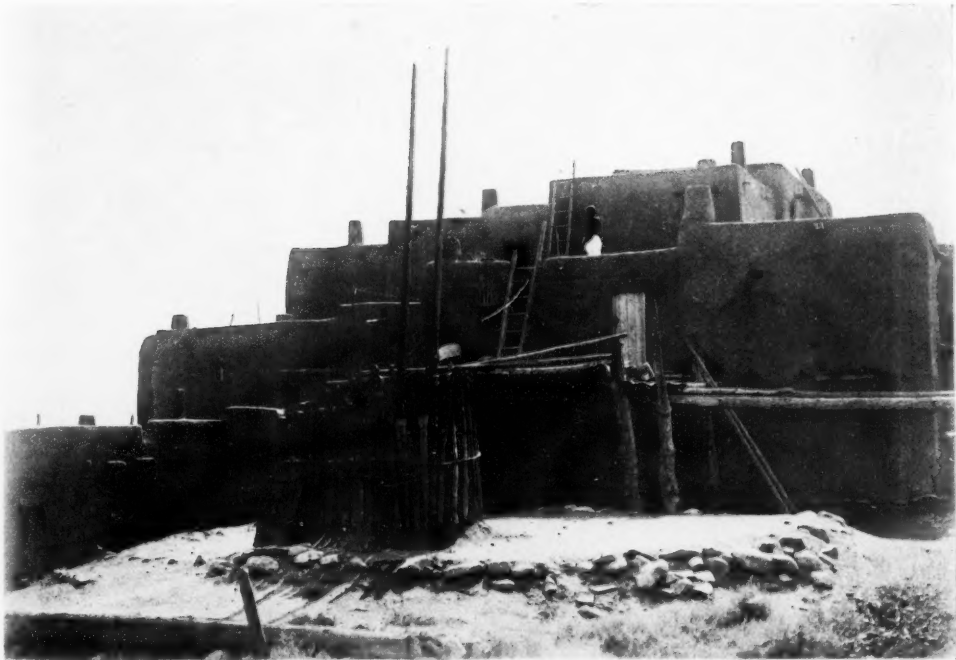
Through the work of the Franciscans, who in our earliest history established their missions among our Indian communities, we have an extension from the original single dwelling and community type into the larger proportions of the ecclesiastic, bringing it into closer relation to our purposes and yet not disturbing its original character. In considering the mission structures too much has been made of its relation to Spanish architecture. It is an error natural to architects who, under the influence of conventional training, are inclined to see everything through the cold and formal medium of mathematical precision and symmetry, and the conventional forms of geometric ornament. What the Franciscans might have done had they been able to obtain

Spanish workmanship and material has little to do with the type as it stands, except to emphasize its Indian character.

It is an interesting fact that none of the Missions originally built of stone have endured, so that we have no knowledge of such features as roof-lines and belfrys, and perhaps arches. The ruined walls that remain in the abandoned stone pueblos indicate that Indian methods were followed here as well. Had they endured they might have presented a variation—being more rigid in outline and not subject to the final harmonizing influence of erosion.

The earliest explorers among the Pueblo Indians returned with glowing accounts of a people who built great cities. It is reasonable to suppose that

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Taos Group.—Suggesting north walls of New Museum

the Franciscans were confident of being able to build their missions among a people who built cities, using the material and methods that served the native builders. It cannot be said with certainty that the Franciscans, had they been able, would have built of stone, lime and tile, as they did in California 150 years later. There the Indians had no permanent architecture of their own, and the Franciscans either brought trained workmen with them or trained the Indians in Spanish methods.

It is not improbable that, among the Pueblos, the Franciscans turned a seeming poverty of material to their decided advantage, perhaps realizing that by building in harmony with their surroundings they would establish a closer sympathy with the inhabitants than if they had built an imposing, an arro-

gantly foreign, cathedral in the midst of simple and well organized homes. The fact remains that they used the simple adobe and wood of the Indian builders, and where they built with stone in pueblos using the same material it was after the Indian method.

So it is that either through the limitations of environment, or through appreciation by the Franciscans of the advantages of harmonious construction, or through both, we have in the New Mexico Missions a new type—quite distinct from the Spanish Colonial.

Through the common use in both mission and pueblo of only the simplest materials—earth and timber, the new of that period, although foreign in proportion and purpose, was harmonious with the old in character. The actual construction was done by the builders

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Natural Architectural Form Produced by Erosion. Closely related to the character produced by time on adobe architecture

of the old order, and gave to the new, through like methods and workmanship, the free-hand character of the old. If there was anything of stiffness or formality about these missions when they left the hand of the builder, the greatest harmonizing influence of all—the work of nature—brought about the final unity. The constant erosion of plastic material softened by repair with the same material went on in both alike.

It was perhaps this gradual change through erosion and repair that brought about its most interesting exterior character. In fact this architecture is hardly to be considered a finished product, until this freeing of exterior form and outline has taken place.

The gradual clearing away of any

artificially ornamental excrescences has left nothing but the essentials beautifully varied in outline. Any superficial ornamentation characteristic of the Spanish Colonial that might have been attempted could not stand the test of time in adobe. Repair with earth plaster following the lines of erosion aided in the softening process, and any hard precision of line or ornament had to give way. If any part was not useful, it was not replaced. That which was not essential did not endure, and that which did endure was marvellously enriched with a living, flowing quality of free outline and form.

It is in reality a free-hand architecture, with the living quality of a sculptor's work, and that pliant, unaffected

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Zia Mission. A good example of the Indian character in mission architecture, and the rounded forms produced by erosion

and unconfined beauty—characteristic of natural growth—is nature's contribution to the final product. Through this contribution, too, the architecture is unique in bearing the closest relation to the surrounding landscape. In this sense it is complete, having attained perfection through the absence of that precision upon which all other architecture seems to depend. Its character is as dependent on the absence of precision as is the beauty of natural architectural forms abundant in this vicinity. In the surrounding mesas and valleys these architectural forms of nature, produced by erosion on time-hardened clay and sandstone, often bear a startling

resemblance to great cathedrals. Those who have never recognized that quality produced by the same forces of nature on similar material in the New Mexico missions, can hardly escape its significance when brought face to face with the original, and the architect who does not recognize this relation should never attempt an expression of this architecture, since its most vital quality is beyond his reach.

The Pueblo Indian mission architecture of New Mexico is not related to California mission architecture except in original purpose. It is prehistoric American in character and construction. The fact that its proportions may be Spanish

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Cochiti Mission before Remodelling

perhaps explains the tendency among modern architects to assume that it is Spanish in character, and in building they stand ready to supply Spanish elements which were never a part of it, and which the Franciscans themselves did not feel called upon to introduce. Spanish proportion expressed in Indian character does not make Spanish architecture, any more than Greek proportion in Egyptian character makes Greek architecture.

It is a failing common to many American architects—this tendency to borrow from everywhere and to combine unrelated things, perhaps in the hope of developing originality. Perhaps it requires less effort than to adhere consistently to type. A mixture of Egyptian and Greek is not beyond them, and they do not recognize the greater differ-

ence between New Mexico mission and California mission. Perhaps we are inclined to mixtures because, generally speaking, we had no American architecture to begin with, and now that in this section we have an opportunity to carry out a distinct American type, the mixing habit has become so strong that we can hardly resist making hash of this final opportunity also. There is no hope for originality in American architecture through easy mixtures, since that has already become the deadly monotony of confusion.

In the interior of the New Mexico mission we find a relation to the simpler forms of Moorish and Algerian in detail of embellishment, though the original principle of construction is still Indian. In fact, this relation to the Moorish does not weaken the racial quality of

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Cochiti Mission Modernized. An example of benevolent vandalism

the Indian, but rather strengthens it, since the Moorish originated through almost the same conditions of environment, though the races were in no way related. The strong influence of environment on the character of architecture is certainly well illustrated here. The fact that the Moorish developed farther, and finally included such features as the typical Moorish arch, does not weaken the relation. In the hands of Indian workmen it would naturally lose its arches and resume its original simplicity.

That the Moorish was extended to Spain, and became blended with Spanish to some extent, does not alter the fact that it originated as a distinct type from the Roman origin of the Spanish Colonial. It does, however, bring about an interesting historical situation in

which unconsciously, through the agency of the Franciscans, an architectural influence related in origin was introduced into harmonious surroundings in a new world, and took its place in a simplified form as no other foreign influence could. It is probable that the Franciscans recognized this relation as well as its value. In this, perhaps, lies the basis of departure from the Spanish Colonial in the Pueblo missions.

We are only at the beginning of the development of this architecture—both the Mission and the Pueblo type, and its combinations and possibilities are fascinating, though it presents some problems. It is of the greatest importance for us to keep it pure in the beginning, to establish its character definitely on sound analysis and adhere to it. Its dignity and beauty will always depend

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A half-porch in Cochiti, suggesting like features in the New Museum

on its native purity and simplicity. There is much to be said for maintaining its thoroughbred quality, since it is the only type in America having its origin in the soil upon which it stands today.

If there is confusion at the outset its value to us is lost, and confusion will only add to confusion until it is overcome by the fate common to most architecture of our time. A striking example of this in its most destructive form has actually overcome even the original in some cases. The very structures in the pueblos, the actual work of the Franciscans and the Indians of centuries ago, seem no longer sacred. One of the most beautiful of our original missions has been submerged in "reform". What was originally a flat

pueblo roof is now a peak roof, typical of California mission. California arches in cement on metal lath hold forth in a front where once stood the typical Indian porch, and a New England steeple (of tin) deals it the final blow. It is an excellent example of benevolent vandalism, done with the best of intentions, but an awful example of confusion.

Exterior arches have no place in this architecture—peak roofs are no part of it, and steeples—impossible. Peak roofs, steeples, the Roman arch of the Spanish Colonial, and the Moorish arch were ruled out through the limitations of adobe as a material in which these forms could not endure. In place of arches, and serving the same purpose, we find a related form through the use

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The roof-lines of Laguna add variety

of heavy wooden capitals and corbels carved in simple design. The absence of the true arch is essential in establishing the type. There is not a single instance in which the true arch in adobe has endured in the exterior, and interior use is limited to one example in a small doorway. There are early photographic records in which the arch appears, but these only add proof to the theory that adobe unsupported by wood or stone cannot be depended upon to bear the strain of a superstructure. That this material, on the other hand, required a sound base, was a potent factor in establishing the sturdy character of the Pueblo Indian Mission structures.

Towers and belfrys were perhaps the only features related to the Spanish Colonial—though towers both round

and square were to be found in Indian architecture—but those in the missions conformed so to the general character, through the forms developed in adobe by erosion and repair, that their relation to the Spanish was lost. The arrangement of porches and exterior balconies are as closely related to the Indian, except in the use of carved wood, as they are to the Moorish or Spanish, and there is no example of Spanish Colonial in the United States in which the use of exterior balconies is similar or even related.

In favor of the future development of Indian architecture is its great variety, leading to adaptability. To accuse it of monotony would be to admit superficial knowledge and lack of observation. Its variety in arrangement, outline and proportion is perhaps the most fascinat-

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A good example of the wonderful variety in Indian construction.—Taos Pueblo

ing quality in the original. There is no architecture presenting such variety in arrangement as is to be found in some of our Indian pueblos of from two to four stories in height. From the domestic it merges beautifully into the ecclesiastic, and the combination of the two has been charmingly expressed in recent construction. Through this combination will perhaps come the greatest adaptability to civic purposes.

Whenever, in the hope of avoiding monotony, we have overwhelmed it with California Mission and other alien features, we have added not variety, but the monotony of confusion which is the most monotonous feature in the architecture of our modern communities. The results may be interesting but they are not constructive. They retard the development of the type through mis-

representation. Such examples are merely representative of that tendency to mix types through misunderstanding, that has resulted in the general loss of character in most American architecture.

Character, in this architecture, is not skin-deep; it must be modeled into the bulk as it is built. An uneven coat of plaster, as is often suggested, over rigidly constructed surfaces and outlines, will not give it. A timidly formal imitation of a few interesting features of the original will not express character. The builder who will use viga tips and sawn capitals in rigid formality under a slant shingle or tin roof, is expressing in new building the tragedy that has overtaken some of the old mission and native architecture.

It seems that a frank expression of

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The Santa Fe School for Deaf Mutes. A formal expression of pueblo architecture

the original, a practical reproduction of the best that it has to offer, requires more courage than some builders possess. That training which concentrates on the machine-like precision of factory quality in architecture is most fatal to either courage or appreciation. The architect who is to be successful with it need not ignore mathematics, but he must not allow mathematical precision to interfere where it has no place, and where its absence is essential. He should have in his make-up something of the sculptor, for he is dealing with a freedom of sculptural form which no other type includes, and upon which the greatest charm of this type depends. Its adaptation to domestic, ecclesiastic, and civic purposes need not bring about confusion. Its success along these lines de-

pends upon the careful avoidance of Spanish Colonial and other alien features. That it is adequate as well as adaptable in its own characteristic simplicity has been demonstrated in building.

That it is not likely to be extensively adopted elsewhere, adds to its value as a sectional development in its native environment. Besides representing the only architecture in America having its foundation in the prehistoric time of its locality, it is an expression of our earliest history, and it still bears the closest possible relation to its surroundings in modern times, even to the extent of being adaptable to modern uses. There is no other architecture within the limits of the United States in which all this holds true.



The Acoma Gallery of the New Art Museum at Santa Fe

ON THE OPENING OF THE ART GALLERIES

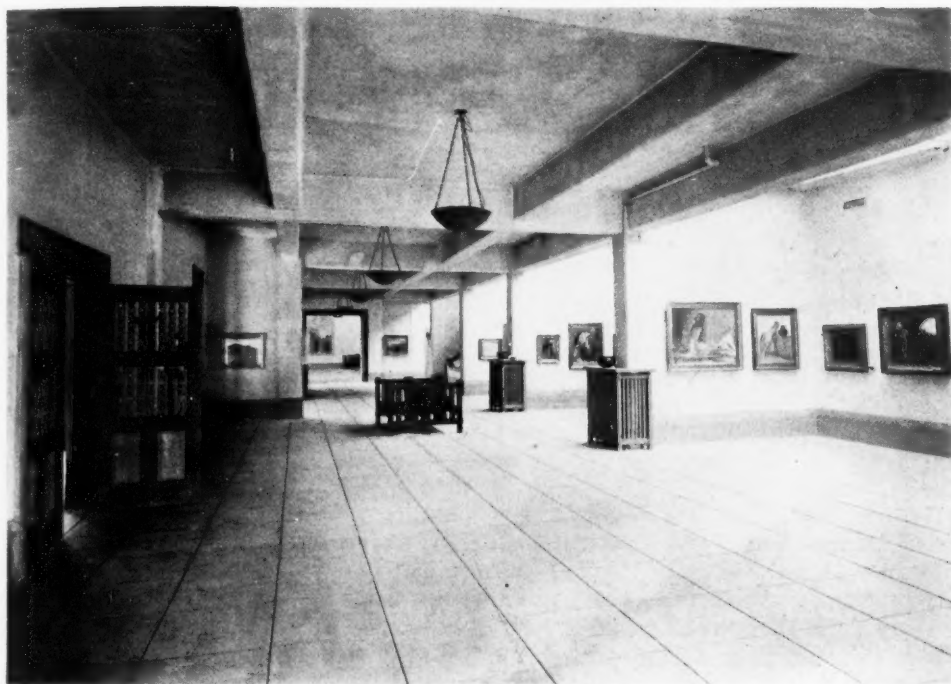
EDGAR L. HEWETT

ON throwing open these galleries to you, I would, if I were capable, express the deep sense of obligation that we of the Southwest feel toward the painters who are producing here the most characteristic art of the new world. It is not our debt alone; it is the debt of this nation.

These artists are revealing to the world the beauty of the Southwest. Beauty is indescribable, and a world full of it is, for the most part, unseen. The beauty of the Southwest is subtle, mysterious, elemental. We who live in

it have long silently felt it—the eternal character of these vast spaces, silent but vibrant with life and color—earth masses on which man through the ages has wrought no change nor ever can; and in it all, of it all, our people; simple, gentle, lovable. We are particularly grateful that these artists appreciate our people. We know of nothing finer than humanity—nothing greater than the spirit of man striving to be in harmony with the forces about him. That striving unifies life, and makes it strong and beautiful.

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The Laguna Gallery of the New Art Museum at Santa Fe

We feel that our people here in the Southwest do have a life in keeping with the soil, the skies, winds, clouds, spaces—that they have ordered their lives in honest, simple, harmonious ways. We are glad that the artists understand them.

I trust that no one will attempt to dissect, to classify in the language of criticism, this noble art of the painters of the Southwest; nor should we wish to see it circumscribed by any local name. Pride might lead us to hope that it might come to be known as "The New Mexico School," but that would limit it in its big universal character. It is, in my estimation, the most democratic group of painters in America that is now painting in the Southwest. Here are the canvases of forty artists working

under the same potent influences, and remaining absolutely independent in method of expression, each sincerely concerned with the unfolding of his own spirit. Yet with all this diversity, we discern the golden thread of sympathetic comprehension, of elemental meanings, which makes this exhibition of Southwestern art a splendidly unified thing.

There is a glorious future for art in the Southwest—for art in America. Fortunate are we in having some part in it. This building that we have erected expresses something of our gratitude for, and appreciation of, these artists. It is an effort to worthily display their works, to bring them to the attention of the world, to the end that multitudes may share our pleasure. It

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is the least that we can do. We shall not be satisfied with this. It will be the policy of this institution to provide all possible facilities to the artists who come to the Southwest—studios that can be freely at their disposal, and other conveniences to save their time and make the most of their powers.

We feel that in encouraging the production of art and in bringing it into the lives of the people, we are doing our proper service in the world. Art is for everyone. It should be universal. Think what it is! The truest, finest, most enduring record of the activities of the human spirit. It is our immutable heritage from the people of the past. It tells their story, truly, faithfully, long after they have descended from the pinnacles of power, their dynasties gone, their boasted evidences of power crumbled, their arts alone remaining to disclose in spite of everything they ever said or did the real life and spirit of the people. Art is the great, lasting, self-revealing activity of life. Through it we transmit our spiritual power through the ages.

We are looking forward to the time when the vast energies that we are now organizing and dedicating to the defeat of despotic power may be released and re-dedicated to the activities of peace. When that time comes, let us hope that art will be one of the chief concerns of this great nation. Perhaps the part we play here may not be unimportant. It

may fall to us to help carry through times of great darkness the torch from which new fires may be kindled to illuminate greater days than humanity has hitherto known. At any rate, we have taken our part, whatever it is to be, and we offer to you the first fruits of our efforts in the opening of these galleries with the exhibition of Southwestern art. We are proud that it has been permitted to us here in Santa Fe to do this. We dare to hope that this may become an annual event, that we may look forward every year to an exhibition of the new art of the Southwest. I believe I speak for the entire state, when I thank the artists who are represented in this exhibition that we are now about to view, and say to them that they have added an inexpressible charm to our environment here; that this is their gallery as well as ours; and that we want it to become not only a place of beauty, but of deep, abiding personal friendship. We want it to be the home of art in the most exalted sense.

Therefore, to the artists and their friends who come to Santa Fe, we extend the age-old salutation of our people: "This is your house". To the people of our State, and to all who come to sojourn among us, we say: "There is time in the life of everyone for quiet enjoyment of the things of the Spirit. That is the purpose of this place. We invite you to make this your sanctuary."



PAINTINGS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN ARTISTS

- HENRY BALINK.
Indian in the Corn.
*Pueblo Pottery.
Chief Bluebeard.
- GEORGE BELLOWES.
The Red Cow.
Santa Fe Canyon.
Sanctuario.
*Tesuque Pueblo.
Road to Quemado.
A Stag at Sharkey's (Lithograph: Gift of the Artist to the School.)
Artists Judging Works of Art. (Lithograph: Gift of the Artist to the School.)
- PAUL BURLIN.
Cattle at Rest.
Three Mexican Women.
Light Line Drawing of Nude.
Group of Mexican Women.
Erosions.
El Rosario.
*Cowboy Sport.
The Great Altar.
- EDGAR S. CAMERON.
*La Loma, Santa Fe.
- GERALD CASSIDY.
The Watcher at the Spring.
The Clouds Caress.
*Cui Bono. (Gift to the School by the Artist.)
- K. M. CHAPMAN.
*Five Rito de los Frijoles Pastels.
- MRS. E. E. CHEETHAM.
Autumn Glow.
*Glimpses of Taos.
- E. S. COE.
Water Jar of Santa Clara.
*When the Day is Done.
- LEONARD M. DAVIS.
Aurora Borealis. (Gift to the School by Mr. Frank Springer.)
- KATHERINE DUDLEY.
*Julian.
Lucinda.
Mt. Talaya, Twilight.
- HELENA DUNLAP.
*Mexican Interior, Taos.
- LYDIA DUNHAM FABIAN.
*The Inner Court.
- W. PENHALLOW HENDERSON.
Old Theophilo.
Tienda Rosa.
Little Alice.
Mañana.
Maria.
Quirina.
The Little Waterfall.
The Little Spanish Lady.
San Miguel.
Anna.
End of Santa Fe Trail.
Mrs. M. P. Hyland.
*Henry H. Knibbs.
Taos Pueblo.
Tesuque Woman.
- F. MARTIN HENNINGS.
Taos Indian.
*The Vine.
Evening at Laguna.
- ROBERT HENRI.
Indian Girl of Santa Clara.
Indian Girl in White Blanket.
Mexican Boy.
Lucinda in White.
Tilly.
Indian Girl in Rose-colored Shawl.
Indian Girl of San Ildefonso.
Little Mexican Girl.
Juanita in Blue.
Indian Girl with Blanket.
Santa Fe Marl.
*Diegito. (Gift of the Artist to the School.)
Gregorita.
Mexican Girl.
- LEE F. HERSCH.
*Autumn's Glory.
- ALICE KLAUBER.
Desert Evening.
A Mexican Ghost.
*Taos Afternoon.
- LEON KROLL.
*Santa Fe Hills.
- RALPH MEYERS.
Pattern of a Spring Landscape.
*Come In.
The Sentinel.
- ARTHUR F. MUSGRAVE.
*Patio and Tower of New Museum.
Sunlit Wall.
Patio Interior.
The Autumn Tints.
North Wall, New Museum.
Door of the Inner Court.
Sunlit Valley.
The Chili.
The House on the Hill.
- SHELDON PARSONS.
February Morning, Santa Fe.
Las Truchas.
Storm Overhead.
Cundiyo Chapel.
Sunlight and Shadow, Santa Fe.
Afternoon in Grand Canyon.
Chamisa.
*Sanctuario.
Grand Canyon.
- GRACE RAVLIN.
*Corn Dance, San Domingo.
Annual Fiesta, Laguna.
Entering Kiva After the Dance.
- JULIUS ROLSHOVEN.
Cochiti Buck.
Chief White Sun.
The Scarlet Blanket.
Taos Indian.
Indian Devotion.
Tesuque Boy with Olla.
Leaf-Lightning—The Call to the Dance.
Taos Indian Maiden.
War Cloud and Deer Path.
Little Chief Coming.

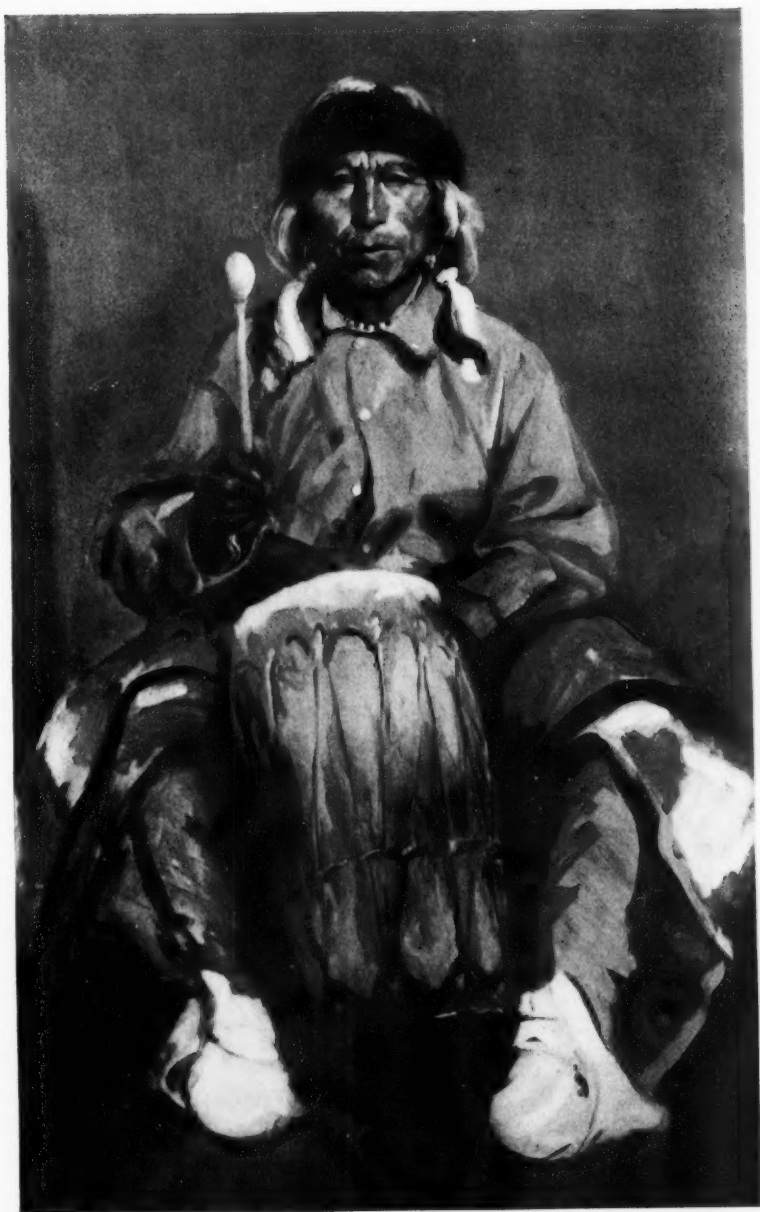
* The pictures marked with an asterisk are reproduced in the illustrations.

- The Aristocrat.
 Summer Deer.
 Deer Path.
 Portrait of Santiago Naranjo. (Gift of the Artist to the School.)
- DORIS ROSENTHAL.
 *The Evening Star.
 Apache.
 Taos Indian Boy.
- J. H. SHARP.
 The Stoic.
 Portrait of Taos Indian. } Gifts of the Artist to the
 Portrait of Taos Indian. } School.
- EVA SPRINGER.
 *Miniatures.
 Breton Peasant
 Portrait of Italian Girl.
 Portrait of French Count.
 Profile of French Count.
 The Green Gown.
 Girl With Flowers.
 Portrait of the Artist's Mother.
 Portrait Study of the Artist.
 Portrait of Old Lady.
 Italian Maria.
 Russian Student.
 Sister Marie.
- The Fur Cape.
 Grandmere.
 Russian Girl.
 The Blue Coat.
 Evelyn.
 Little Simone.
 Yvonne.
- G. C. STANSON.
 Washing after the Snake Dance.
 *La Loma. (Gift of the Artist to the School.)
 End of Avenida del Palacio.
- MRS. WALTER UFER.
 *The Norm.
- T. VAN SOELEN.
 *Old Town Morning.
- CARLOS VIERRA.
 Zia Mission.
 Cathedral Rock.
 *Tesuque Mission.
 Santa Clara Mission. } Gifts to the School.
 Laguna Mission.
 James Sunset.
 Corner in Taos.
- MRS. CORDELIA WILSON.
 Indian Land.
 *A Mexican Home.

PAINTINGS OF THE TAOS SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

- O. E. BERNINGHAUS.
 *A Mountain Trail.
 Moonlit Adobes of Taos.
 A New Mexico Landscape.
- E. L. BLUMENSCHIN.
 Homeward Bound.
 Three Women on the Road to Taos.
 *The Orator.
- E. IRVING COUSE.
 *A Pueblo Indian Weaver.
 The Prehistoric Image.
 Pueblo Hunter.
- W. HERBERT DUNTON.
 The Invaders.
 *The Buffalo Signal.
 The Emigrants.
- VICTOR HIGGINS.
 *To the Fiesta.
- BERT C. PHILLIPS.
 The Drummer of the War Dance.
 The Mysterious Olla.
 *Looking Backward.
- JULIUS ROLSHOVEN.
 Rain Cloud.
 *War Chief, Taos Pueblo.
 Indian Devotion.
- J. H. SHARP.
 *The Tribal Historian.
 The Old War Shield.
 Crucita, Taos Indian Girl.
- WALTER UFER.
 The American Desert.
 *Indians in Cornfield.
 Taos Plaza.

* Reproduced among the illustrations.



"Diegito." By Robert Henri



"The War Chief, Taos Pueblo." By Julius Rolshoven



"La Loma—Santa Fe." By Edgar S. Cameron



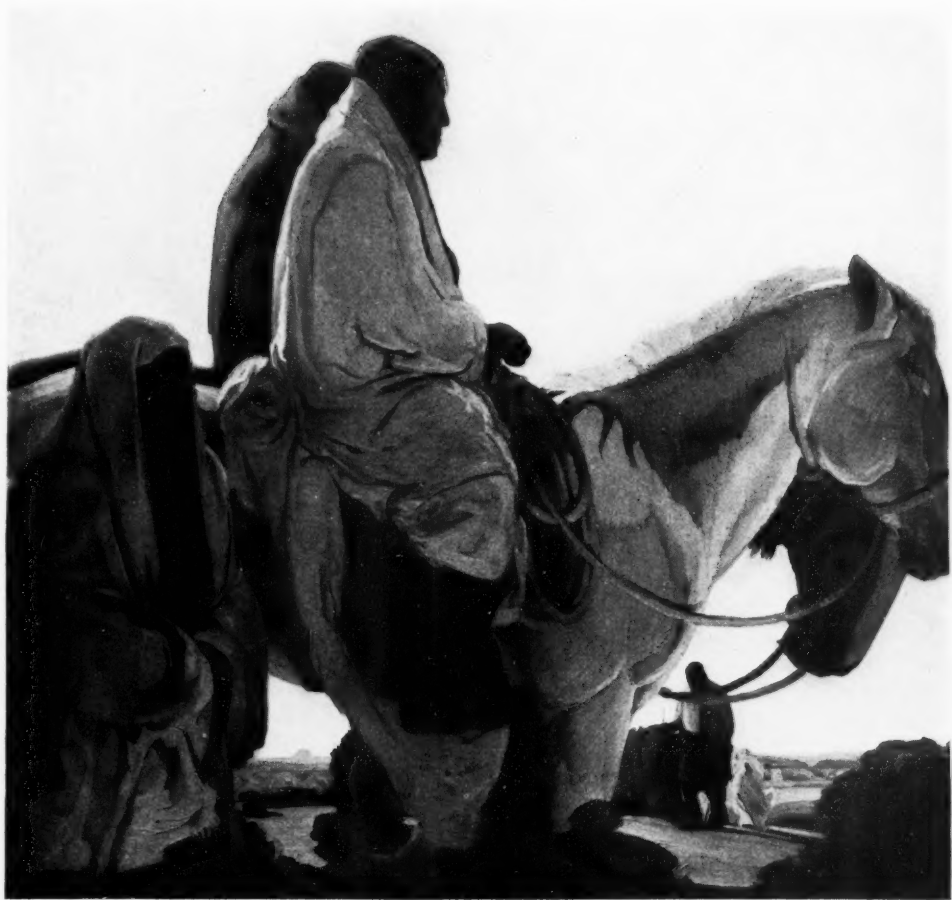
"Indians in the Cornfield." By Walter Ufer



"Tesuque Pueblo." By George Bellows



"The Tribal Historian." By J. H. Sharp



"To the Fiesta." By Victor Higgins

Awarded first Logan prize of \$500, and gold medal at the annual Exhibit of Chicago Artists, February, 1918



"A Pueblo Indian Weaver," E. Irving Couse



"The Orator." By Ernest L. Blumenschein



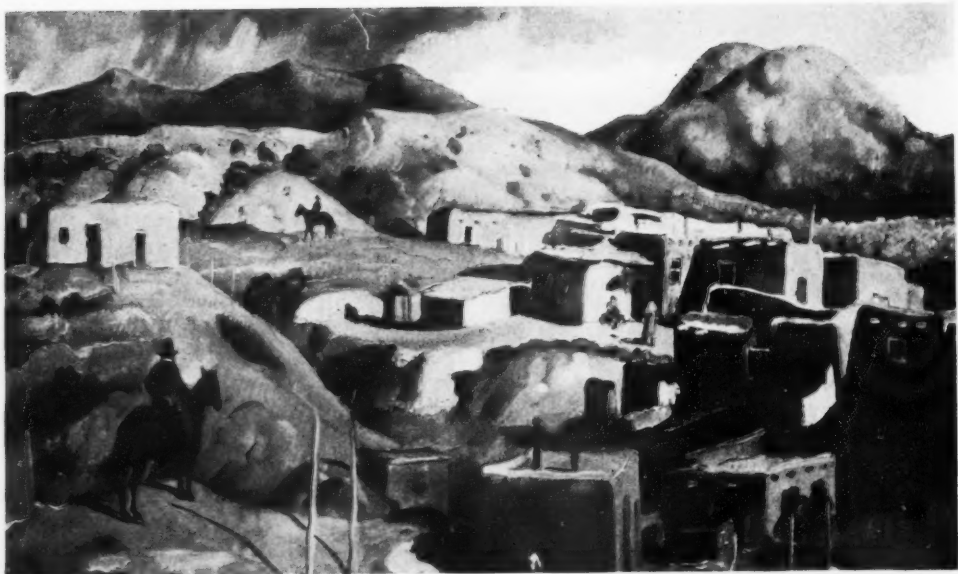
"Sanctuario." By Sheldon Parsons



"A Mexican House." By Mrs. Cordelia Wilson



"Cui Bono." By Gerald Cassidy



"Santa Fe Hills." By Leon Kroll



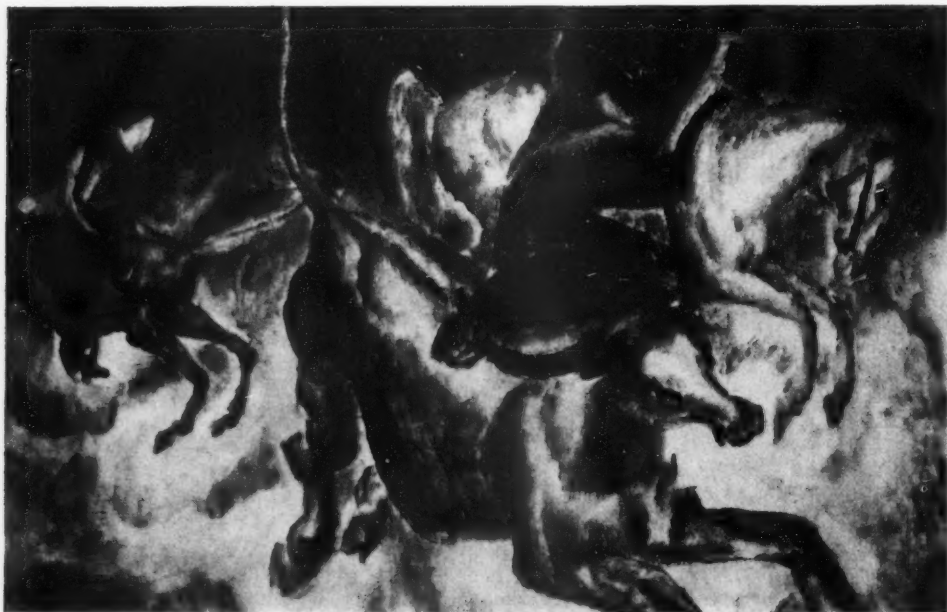
"Old Tesuque Mission." By Carlos Viera



"Looking Backward." By Bert G. Phillips



"Mexican Interior, Taos." By Helena Dunlap



"Cowboy Sport." By Paul Burlin



"Taos Afternoon." By Alice Klauber



"A Mountain Trail." O. E. Beminghaus

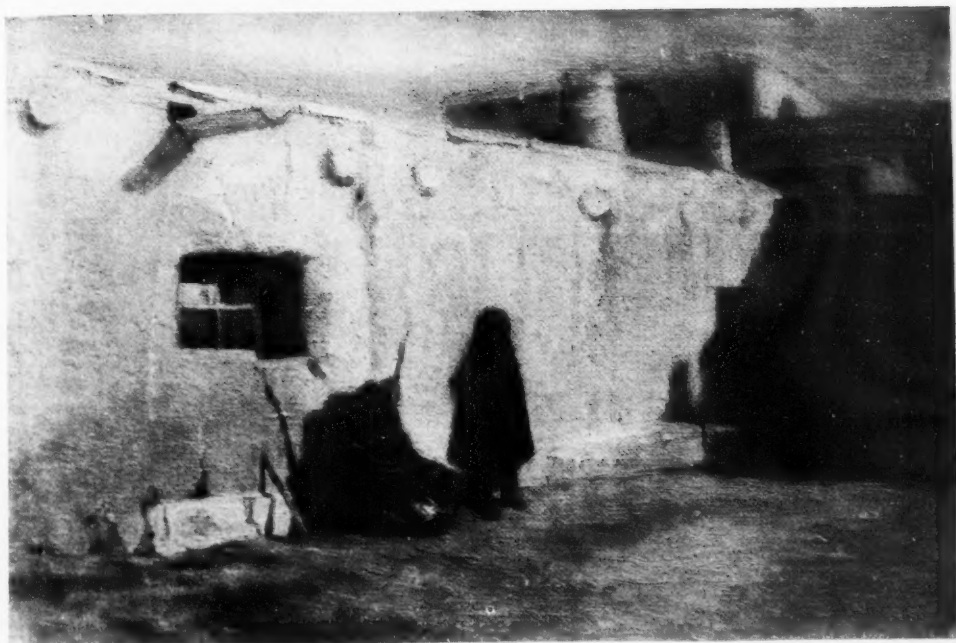


"The Corn Dance.—Santo Domingo." By Grace Ravlin

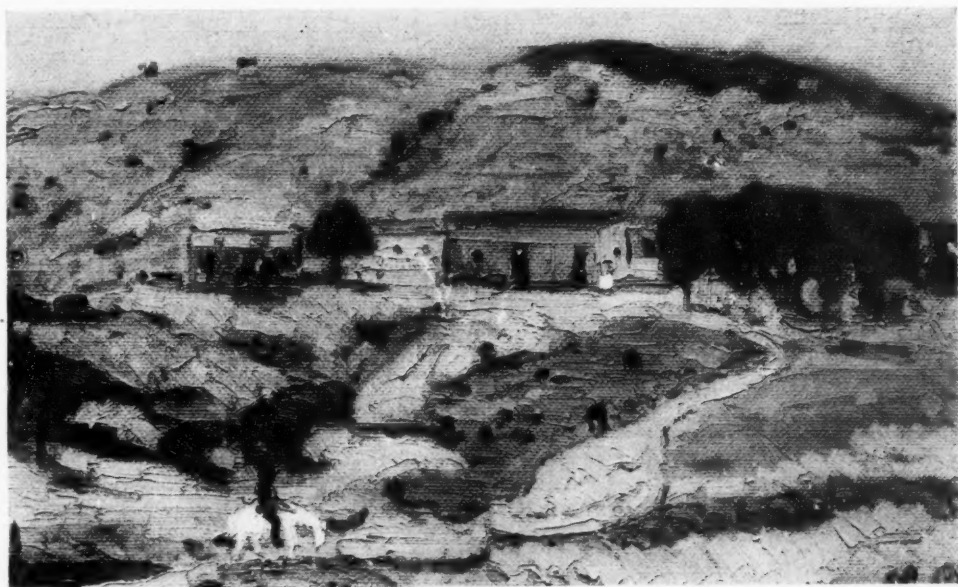
Awarded Wentworth Field prize at annual Exhibit of Chicago Artists, February, 1918



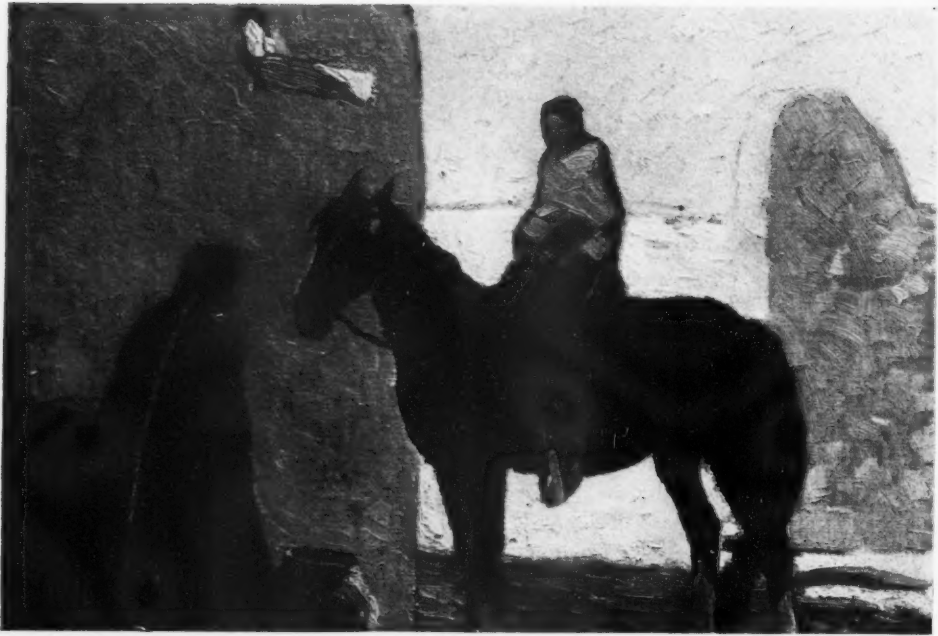
The Buffalo Signal. By W. Herbert Dunton



"The Inner Court." By Lydia Dunham Fabian



"La Loma." By Geo. C. Stanson



"Come In." By Ralph Meyers



"Autumn's Glory." By Lee F. Hersch



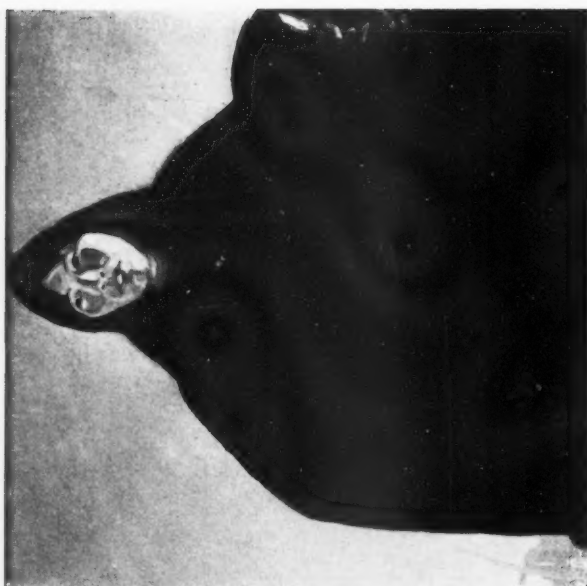
"Henry H. Knibbs." By William Penhallow Henderson



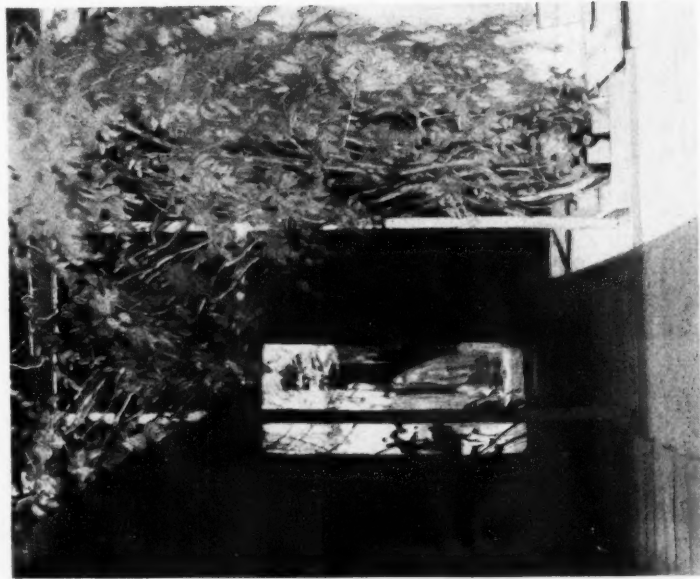
"Julian." By Katherine Dudley



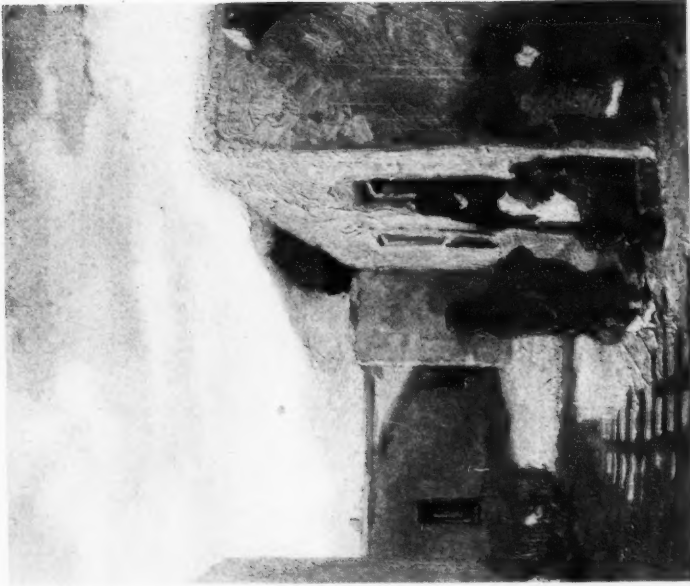
"The Norm." By Mrs. Walter Ufer



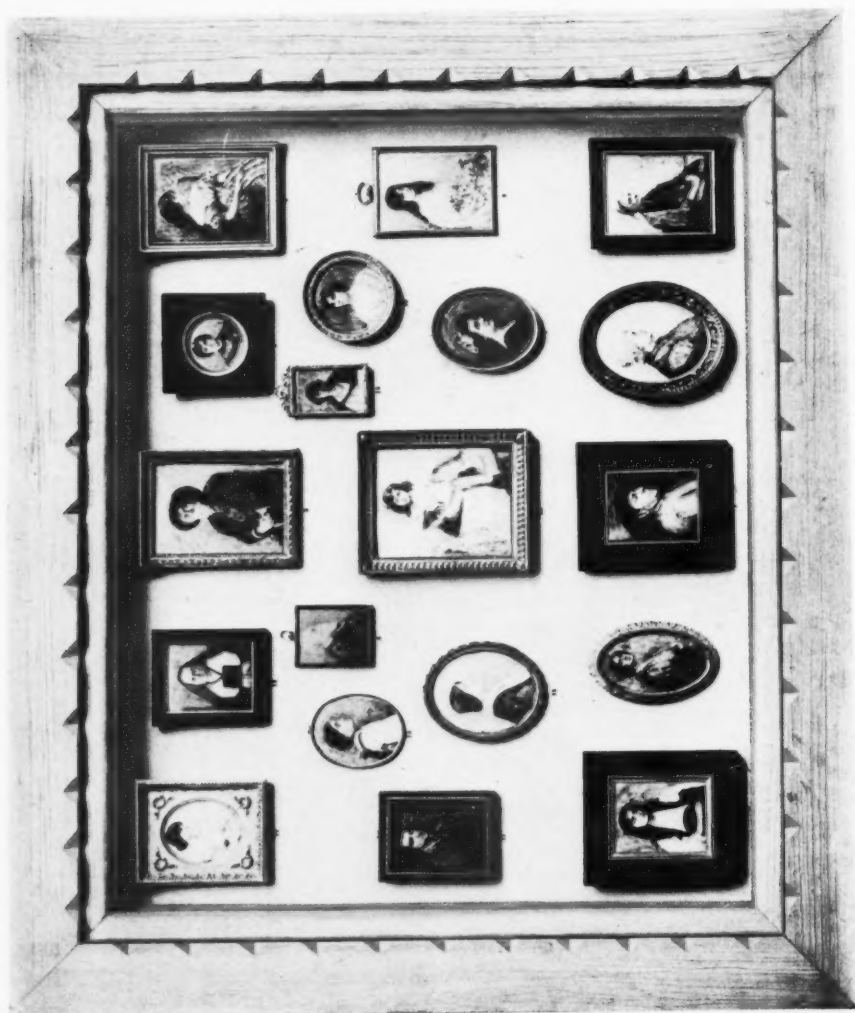
"The Evening Star." By Doris Rosenthal



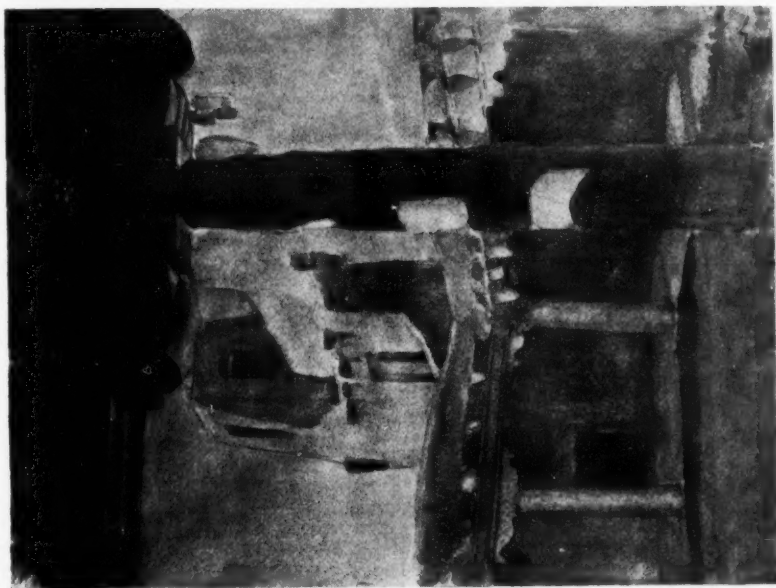
"The Vine." By E. Martin Hennings



"When the Day is Done." By E. S. Coe



Miniatures. By Eva Springer



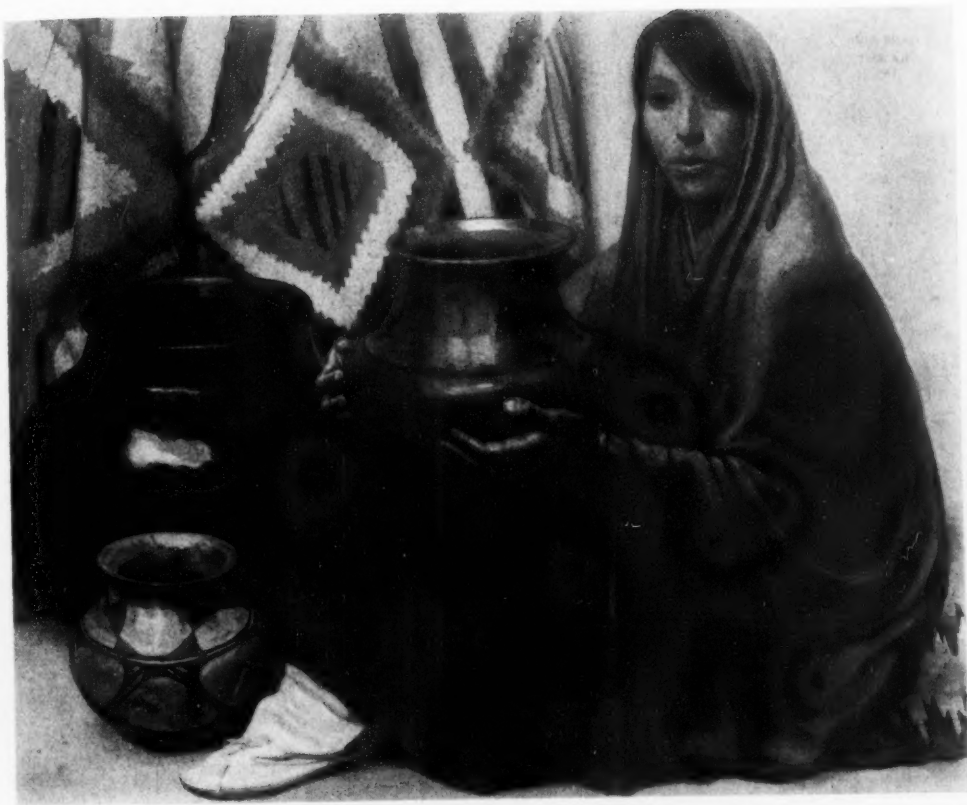
"Patio and Tower of New Museum." By A. F. Musgrave



"Cliff-Houses—Rito de los Frijoles." Kenneth M. Chapman



"Old Town Morning." By T. Van Soelen



"Pueblo Pottery." By Henry Balink



"Glimpses of Taos." By Mrs. E. E. Cheetham

THE PAINTINGS OF DONALD BEAUREGARD

ALICE KLAUBER

A PAINTER may not be judged excepting by the whole of his work. This is as true—and as untrue—as it might be of any other workers in the world.

Imagine two men discussing Shakespeare; the one knowing only the sonnets, the other knowing only King Lear or Henry the Eighth. Each knows something quite essential, but he alone knows Shakespeare who knows all his works.

In this regard only the unfortunate artist is fortunate. Only he who sells nothing and gives away but little shall live in the eyes of posterity as a whole and not as disconnected members.

The beloved painter, Donald Beauregard, will be known as a living entity in Art, partly because he was unfortunate in his life. With a very great gift, he passed away early and almost unrecognized. A few friends, who valued the incomplete life, have collected nearly all of the works of this young painter and have permanently placed them in the new Art Museum in Santa Fe. Heretofore they have found a warm welcome at the Panama-California Exposition. And thereby hangs a tale:

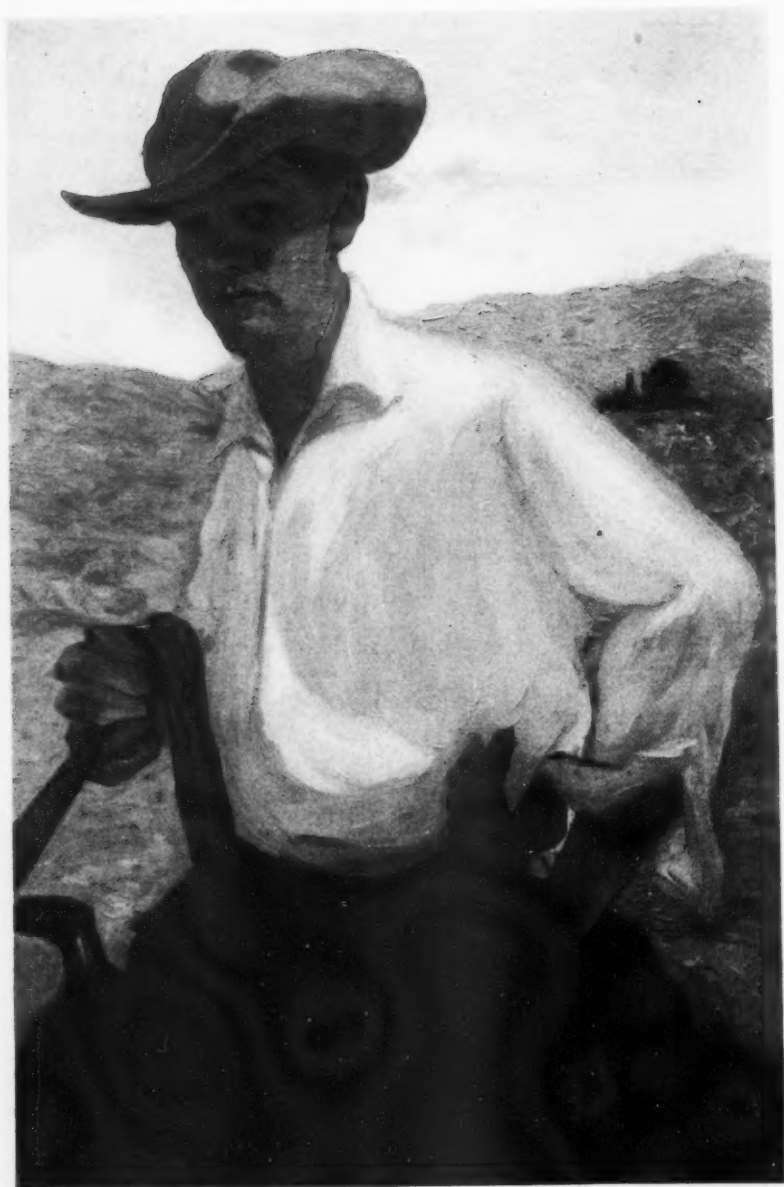
Just before the official opening of the Exposition one of the art galleries was equipped with artificial lighting of a kind not previously used. It was thought best to invite a small group of interested persons to have a first view of the gallery, and for this occasion a temporary arrangement of the Beauregard pictures was made. Among the guests of this evening were some of the members of the Women's Board of the Exposition. These may seem unrelated facts, but, insignificant in them-

selves, in combination they become important, for through this accidental meeting it came about that the pictures found, as a complete group, the sympathetic setting which they held for more than two years in the Women's headquarters of the California building.

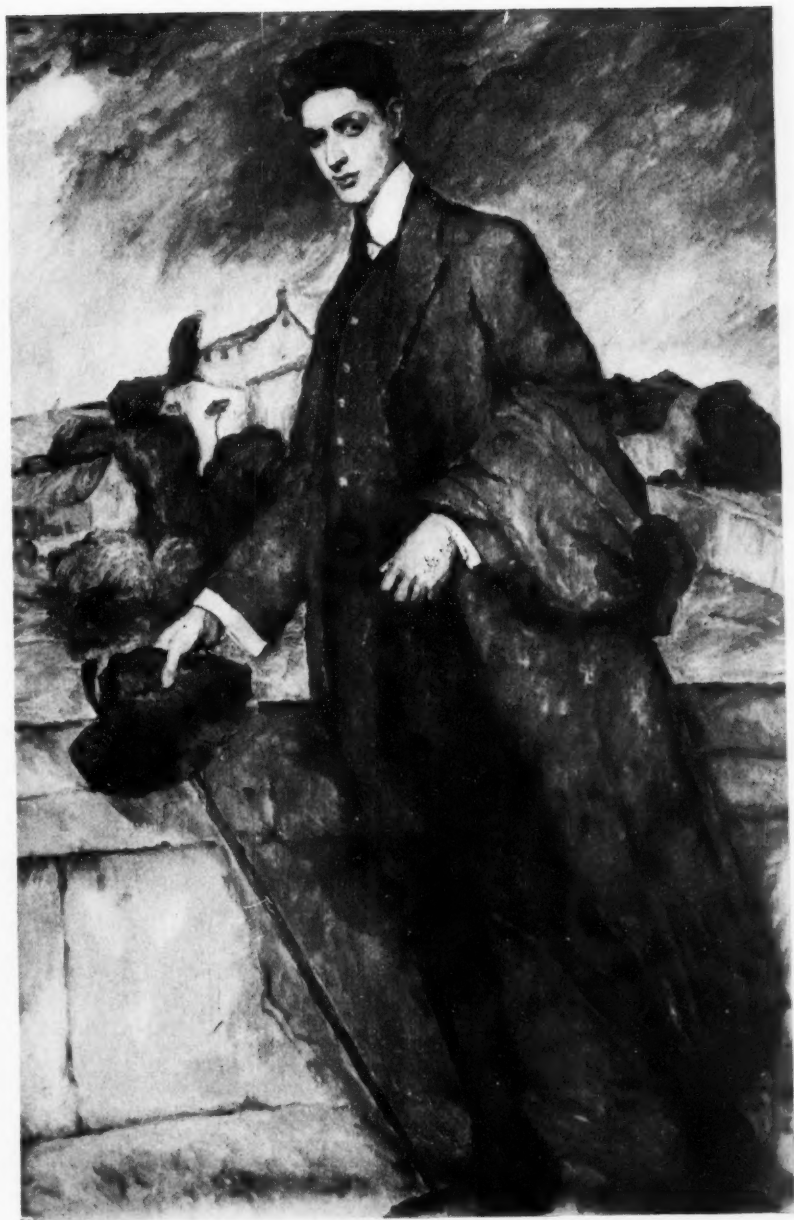
During the evening of the opening Dr. Hewett gave a little talk on the painter, Donald Beauregard. In brief, the main points of his life were these:

Donald Beauregard, artist, died May 2, 1914, at the home of his parents near Fillmore, Utah, not having reached the age of 30 years. At the University of Utah, from which he graduated in 1906, he showed himself not only brilliant in his studies, but talented with the brush. In October, 1906, he went to Paris, where he studied art under Jean Paul Laurens, remaining in Europe two years. During the years 1909 and 1910 he was director of Art in the public schools of Ogden, Utah.

A new trend was given to his activities in the summers of 1909 and 1910, which he spent with the archaeological expeditions of the University of Utah and the School of American Archaeology in Arizona and New Mexico. There he met Mr. Frank Springer, who was so impressed with the genius and character of Mr. Beauregard that he thenceforth took a personal interest in him and assisted him with his art studies in Spain, France, and Bavaria for two years. While in France in 1912 he fell ill, and received the first intimation of the seriousness of the ailment which was to cut short his career as he was entering his prime. From that time on he worked feverishly to prepare him-



"Portrait of Donald Beauregard." By Himself



"Portrait of an Artist." By Donald Beauregard

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



"Scene in Switzerland." By Donald Beauregard

self for the great work and opportunity that awaited him.

He returned to this country in the fall of 1913 to execute the commission given him by Mr. Springer, a series of mural canvases illustrating the life and influence of St. Francis of Assisi. The pictures were to embellish the auditorium of the New Mexico building at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, thence to be returned for permanent installation in the Palace of the Governors, in Santa Fe. Mr. Beauregard soon demonstrated that he would win a high place in the world's hall of fame with this work, but the last summons came when he was fairly in the midst of his task.

And now the question naturally arises, what was the impression made by the

pictures themselves? Well, the flavor was new, and as always in such a case it took some time before words were found to express it.

I remember one discussion of many that took place in that popular Hostess Gallery soon after the opening of the Exposition. One woman was loudly voicing her opinion that new art is a demonstration of license and not liberty; the other quietly maintained that the artist must be allowed at least as much freedom as the designer. "There is no reason", she said, "why we should accept wall-papers, hangings, porcelains, and rugs of fanciful pattern and strong color, and in the same room quarrel with every picture that dares to show courage or invention". For a moment the belligerent one paused:—"Of course, I

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see," she said slowly, "what these pictures do for this room; it is only when you come to examine any one of them alone that its beauty is in question." The friend of the Beaugregard pictures put a quiet hand on her arm. "When you say that you see what they do for this room, you have admitted that these pictures have existence as Great Art. Filling that requirement covers their utmost function."

What the pictures did for that room cannot be exaggerated. For two years they sang across the spaces of a rather cold interior and made it vibrate with clear, fine tones. Persons who arrived at the doorway leading from the vast, dome-shaped California building to this colorful interior drew audible breaths of relief. The place was both restful and stimulating because the pictures communicated harmony and fine courage. The lesson of such a showing of the complete development of one artistic mind, in a setting which harmonizes with that mind, can scarcely be over-

estimated in its importance. The consistent hammering on the same note, the force of the individual message uninterrupted by conflicting ideas, leads to results that should be studied by museums everywhere in America.

The study of the whole expression of one American mind repays us because it makes one thing clear; that the joy of full expression is communicable. Life is worth while when we see such work, because the world was absorbingly interesting to this artist. It was attractive, colorful, vibrating; it was constantly changing and deeply moving to him. Contemplating his work as a whole, we remember that other great painter who said, "A painting must, first of all, be a joy to the eye." Donald Beaugregard had in fullest measure the power of putting this faith into terms of paint.

[The paintings of Beaugregard, consisting of forty-six canvasses, hang permanently in the gallery which bears his name in the new Art Museum and in the rooms of the Women's Museum Board. A small room adjacent is devoted to an exhibition of his watercolors, and here also may be seen his sketch books and field notes.—*Editor.*]

CATALOG OF BEAUGREGARD PAINTINGS (GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL)

I. IN WOMEN'S RECEPTION ROOM

1. Utah Landscape.
2. Old Peasant Woman.
3. Peasant Market Scene.
4. Trees on a Hillside.
5. The Artist's Studio.
6. Breton Landscape.

II. IN BEAUGREGARD MEMORIAL GALLERY

7. Peasant Girl.
8. Boys Bathing.
9. Breton Peasant Woman.
10. Stacks of Grain.
11. Peasant Girl in Red.
12. Boys Bathing.
13. Young Fisherman.
14. Samson.
15. Breton Landscape.
16. Lazarus.
17. Breton Peasant Girl.
18. David Before Saul.
19. In a French Cafe.
20. Portrait of Donald Beaugregard by Himself.

21. Centaur Carrying Off a Dryad.

22. Queen Esther.
23. Market in Fishing Village.
24. Coast of Normandy.
25. Clock on Mantel.
26. Harbor Houses.
27. Peasant Girl.
28. Park View with Figures.
29. Scene in Switzerland.
30. Lone Tree.
31. Breton Fisherman.
32. Scene in Switzerland.
33. Rue Royale, Paris.
34. Still Life.
35. Fishing Boats.
36. Cincinnatus.
37. Crowd of People on Two Levels.
38. Clouds.
39. Landscape, with Trees in Fore-ground.
40. Pan and the Dryad.
41. Men Rowing.
42. Village on Slope.
43. Blue Mountains.
44. Snow; Low Cottages and Crooked Tree.

III. IN FIRST FLOOR GALLERY

45. Portrait of an Artist.
46. Indian Village at Evening—New Mexico

IV. IN WATER-COLOR GALLERY

47. Old Age.
48. A Mountain Village.
49. Peasant Woman.
50. Farmsteads in Normandy.
51. Mother and Daughter.
52. The Market Place.
53. Row of Sycamores.
54. Decorative Piece-Triple Panel.
55. Rural Scene.
56. The Sister's Vow.
57. Copy of a Dutch Print.
58. The Townhall.
59. Fishing Boats.
60. Turkish Boy.
61. Springtime in the Park.

(Fifteen other water-colors not yet hung.)

THE ST. FRANCIS MURALS

PAUL A. F. WALTER

THE influence of St. Francis of Assisi upon religion, art, literature, music, discovery, science and politics, is written large in history. His was the voice that ushered in the Renaissance, six hundred years ago. The life of the gentle saint is our noblest heritage from the thirteenth century. He founded the great order of Franciscans, who taking the vow of poverty and continence set out to persuade the world to accept Christ as its Saviour. It was they who planted the Cross in New Mexico, eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Their converts among the Pueblo Indians numbered tens of thousands, and these men and women under the direction of the Franciscans built the missions at Acoma, Pecos, and other pueblos,—massive, imposing structures—a century and a half before they reared the missions of California. The Franciscans suffered excruciating martyrdom in the Pueblo rebellion of 1680 and at other times, writing into the annals of this commonwealth a page of glorious sacrifice and devotion.

Santa Fe, the capital city of New Mexico, like every Spanish town has its patron saint, and it is St. Francis, the city's ancient name being "La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco," "The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis." It is fitting, therefore, that in the beautiful sanctuary of the new Museum, a splendid adaptation of the ancient Franciscan missions of New Mexico, the mural decorations commemorate the life and influence of the gentle St. Francis.

It was Mr. Frank Springer who made possible the realization of a dream, by

giving the means to execute this noble work of art. Donald Beauregard, a young artist of notable achievement and still greater promise, was commissioned to the task. Having studied under masters in Paris, in Munich, in Spain, having won high honors, he visited Assisi and the places which knew St. Francis. He steeped himself in the



1. The Conversion of St. Francis

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



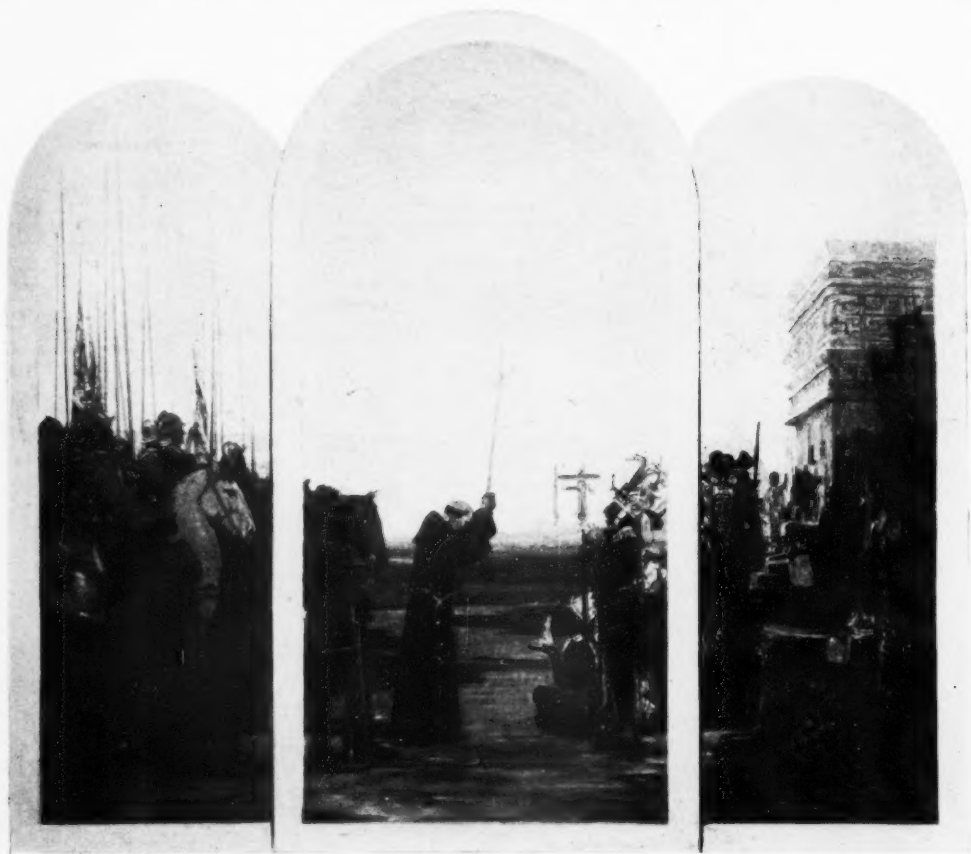
2. The Renunciation of Santa Clara

spirit of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, read the works of St. Francis and the biographies of the saint, then set to work to make the preliminary sketches for the six panels now placed in the Auditorium. Being decidedly modern in his trend, a superb colorist, he conceived a St. Francis without the traditional halo, without the stigmata and insignia that are characteristic of most paintings of this holy man. He represented him as a very human young noble, emaciated and ascetic, who had wrestled with the spirit and crucified the flesh. The first sketches were made

in Europe and brought to Santa Fe, where, in his studio at the west end of the Palace, they were worked over and over again. Beauregard, like St. Francis, wrestled sometimes in veritable agony, to create a masterpiece, but Death took him just as he had actually begun work on the great panels.

Reverently, lovingly, unselfishly, with faithful adherence as far as possible to the original sketches, Carlos Vierra and Kenneth M. Chapman of the Art staff of the School of American Research, commissioned by Mr. Springer, took up the work where Beauregard had been

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4. Preaching to the Mayas and Aztecs

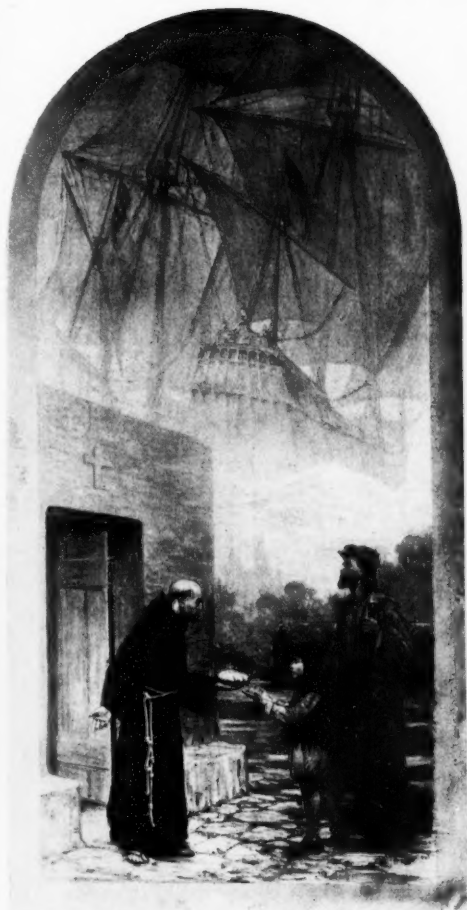
compelled to leave it. It was carried out as far as possible in the spirit of Beauregard, but of necessity the artists wrought into the work their own instinctive genius, their own technique, so that it is not difficult to tell which has been completed by Chapman and which by Vierra.

1. CONVERSION OF ST. FRANCIS

This panel Beauregard found one of the most difficult to compose. He made several sketches, but rejected them one after another. He sought to present

the moment that St. Francis made his final decision, the moment that he put away definitely the luxury and allurements of his castle at Assisi to embrace the austerity and poverty of monastic life. The panel he worked upon could not be used because of a change in the shape of the niche in which it was to be placed, but the picture in place in the west wall of the auditorium faithfully reproduces its spirit. It is the most austere, the simplest of them all. There is St. Francis kneeling with bare knees

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



3. Columbus at La Rabida

upon the cold flag-stones at the entrance to the convent; above him the crucifix, beyond at one side a spluttering candle; in the distance upon the wooded hill gleams the white castle of Assisi. The intense blue of the starlit Italian sky gives the panel a note of mystery and silence. To one side of St. Francis lie the habiliments he has discarded for the coarse or brown sack-cloth of the Friars.



5. Building the Missions of New Mexico

2. RENUNCIATION OF SANTA CLARA

The triple panel at the north end of the western wall tells of the conversion of Santa Clara and of the healing of the robber who had waylaid and beaten St. Francis. Santa Clara, also of the nobility, was so moved by the saintliness and humility of St. Francis, that she, too, discarded her fine raiment in exchange for the coarse garments of the sisterhood she founded—blessed where-

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



6. Apotheosis of St. Francis

ever poverty, oppression and misery have made their abode. The picture shows, on one side, her mother with averted eyes, and the entourage of Santa Clara displaying their horror and contempt. Unseen by them, the three virtues—Poverty, Chastity and Obedience—are ministering to Santa Clara, who is enraptured at the heavenly vision vouchsafed her. In the right-hand panel St. Francis is kneeling at the side of the robber, cleansing his leprous sores. The panels on the west walls of the nave deal with the life of

St. Francis directly. They were completed by K. M. Chapman.

3. COLUMBUS AT LA RABIDA

The panel on the west wall of the transept symbolizes the influence of St. Francis on Spain and the Discovery of America. Columbus and his son, after years of wandering, find welcome and hospitality at the Convent of La Rabida near Palos, Spain, from which port Columbus sailed later upon his voyage which transformed the world. It was a Franciscan who was confessor to Queen Isabella, and who pleaded the cause of

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Columbus at the Spanish Court at "Santa Fe," the tent city lying below Granada of the Moors. The panel shows Columbus at La Rabida, and depicts his vision of the caravels that were to convey him across the Atlantic. Carlos Vierra completed this panel.

4. PREACHING TO THE MAYAS AND AZTECS

The triple panel on the east wall is an idealization of the Conquests of the Cross in Mexico and Central America. In one panel are depicted the Spanish Conquistadores with their lances and banners, their glittering armor and shining helmets—merciless exponents of military conquest. In another panel are the Indians, with their exotic and dramatic symbols, gathered around the sculptured altar, the leader carrying a pagan staff or scepter, strangely like a crucifix. In the background are the magnificent temples and palaces, unlike anything the European world had ever seen. It is a conception of pagan splendor and pageantry on one hand, of military power and haughtiness on the other, and of mercy and pity proclaiming that the visions of the spirit are greater than the triumph of arms.

5. BUILDING THE MISSIONS OF NEW MEXICO

The fifth mural shows the building of the missions of New Mexico. In the

foreground are three Franciscan fathers, one of them kneeling on the ground and measuring with calipers the plans spread out before him, while the others look on with evident interest. In the middle ground rise the huge adobe walls pierced by the main entrance to the proposed sanctuary, the carved corbels supporting the viga above the door. Indian women, one with an olla upon her head, are on their way to the pueblo, on the brow of the mesa. In the background are the purple and crimson mountains and shadowy canyons with the glowing vault of the sky above them.

The two pictures on the east wall as well as the Columbus painting were completed by Carlos Vierra.

6. APOTHEOSIS OF ST. FRANCIS

Last is the triple mural panel in the chancel, facing the main entrance. St. Francis at the Spring is ministering to "Religion" guarded by "Theology" in sombre garb. Farther to his right is "Art", a beautiful girl in red. To his left stands "Poetry" gazing heavenward; while the aged sage sitting calmly upon a rock in the foreground is "Philosophy". The woman in yellow holding aloft a babe which reaches for the fruit of "Life" is "Society," as it embraces all humanity. This triple panel was completed by Mr. Chapman.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF SANTA FE

IN a letter to a fellow artist Robert Henri says:

"The new Museum is a wonder. . . . Santa Fe can become a rare spot in all the world. Nearly all—one might say all—cities and towns strive to be like each other and not to be like themselves. Under this surprising present influence, Santa Fe is striving to be its own beautiful self. Of course there are negative influences which combat, but the beautiful thing has taken root, and the Museum has grown in its beauty and it is likely that it will spread its healthy kind.

"Most museums are glum and morose temples looking homesick for the skies and associations of their native land—Greece, most likely. The Museum here looks as though it were a precious child of the Santa Fe sky and the Santa Fe mountains. It has its parents' complexion. It seems warmly at home as if it had always been here. Without any need of the treasures of art which are to go into it, it is a treasure of art in itself; art of this time and this place, of these people and related to all the past. My hope is that it will shame away the bungalows with which a few mistaken tastes have tried to make Los Angeles of Santa Fe, and the false fronts which other mistaken tastes have tried to make New York of Santa Fe. Santa Fe may do the rare thing and become *Itself*.

"The painters are all happy. The climate seems to suit well both temperaments—to work or not to work. And here painters are treated with that welcome and appreciation that is supposed to exist only in certain places in Europe."

ROBERT HENRI.

Therein a master in more than one form of expression tells the story of the aspirations of the School in Santa Fe.—*Editor*.

PRESIDENT EGBERT TO MEMBERS OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

AS President of the Institute, elected at its recent meeting in December, I desire to give a word of greeting to my fellow members.

To us has fallen an obligation never before placed upon its members in the history of the Institute. I refer to the part we must perform in maintaining the organization during the war and in so strengthening it that when the war has ceased we may be prepared for the new opportunities which shall be placed before us.

The definite objects of our existence as an Institute have been set forth as archaeological research, diffusing archaeological knowledge, stimulating the love of art, and in general contributing to the higher culture of the country. For the accomplishment of these purposes may I ask for renewed interest in the various activities of the Institute, the Schools in Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, The School of American Research at Santa Fe, the departments of Medieval Study and of Colonial Art, the American Journal of Archaeology and ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, and finally our lecture system?

If we desire to attain in any degree the various objects for which the Institute exists there must be a decided improvement in its financial condition. We cannot at this time turn the attention of those interested in archaeology to excavations. Hence, in general, our efforts should be directed toward building up the financial structure so that we may be ready for a vigorous campaign as soon as the war is over.

May I suggest two important methods whereby the financial condition of the Institute may be considerably strengthened? First, the various societies should carefully and scrupulously observe the agreement whereby a definite portion of income belongs to the treasury of the Institute, and endeavor to maintain their present activities so that the steady growth of membership may continue; second, our efforts should be directed to raising an endowment fund so that the Institute may continue its work without interruption when untoward circumstances threaten the membership.

The suggestion has been made that we should at this time endeavor to secure an endowment of at least \$100,000. With this suggestion is coupled another, namely, that those who have purchased Liberty Bonds should place a certain number of these in the hands of the Institute as part of the endowment. Will you not be one of a number to thus show appreciation of the importance of the work of the Institute?

Some time since, the Institute undertook the publishing of a monumental work on the excavations at Assos, but did not complete the undertaking. The completion of this publication is a definite obligation, unfulfilled only because the finances of the Institute do not justify the expenditure at this time.

These, therefore, are the objects which we might well set before ourselves for attainment during the coming year.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES C. EGBERT,
President.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

OFFICERS, 1918

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Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

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